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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Literature of the Church of England indicated in Selections from the Writings of eminent Divines: with Memoirs of their Lives, and Historical Sketches of the Times in which they lived. By the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D. 2 vols. London, J. W. Parker.

THESE volumes, by the Reverend Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature, are dedicated to its president, the Earl of Ripon. Nothing could be more apt and just; for the subject, though it belongs to a theological class, is pre-eminently Literary, and is therefore fitly inscribed by one who has witnessed enough of the intelligence and zeal of the noble earl in its cause to address him "as a statesman who appreciates the vital benefits to the nation, as a scholar who admires the incomparable learning, and as a Christian who regards with veneration the primitive piety of the Church of England."

The appearance of a standard production of this kind has unfortunately become so rare amongst us, that we must almost regard it as a phenomenon. It embraces the period from the Reformation, A.D. 1535 to 1732, very nearly 200 years; and is divided into several epochs, such as "the close of Elizabeth's reign and reign of James I.," "Charles I.," "the Restoration," and "the Revolution." Each of these is preceded by an able historical sketch, and the whole wound up by a condensed view of the early part of the 18th century. In the whole process it has evidently been the intention of Mr. Cattermole to elaborate a work of information respecting the learning, history, and principles of the church of which he is a valuable and accomplished member (in our humble opinion, strangely below the rank in it to which his theological attainments and ministerial virtues entitle him), rich in facts and illustrations, and, at the same time, well calculated to awaken the desire and direct the way to farther reading and deeper research in a precious mine of our national literature. In carrying this purpose into effect we find three concurrent modes: First, The sketches of English church-history, or rather reflective and suggestive commentaries on the history of the church, to which we have already alluded. Secondly, Lives, chronologically arranged, of a long list of the most distinguished worthies of the Anglican church, shewing their course of study, opinions, and influence of each on his own and succeeding eras; to which are added, catalogues and critical analyses of their immortal writings. Thirdly, Selections on a large and well-considered scale,—not "beauties" merely, but entire treatises, or portions considerable enough to be at once the means of conveying a correct and complete notion of each author's acquirements, style, and powers, and also very acceptable for their own sakes. In short, we consider the book altogether, in plan and in execution, to be most honourable to Mr. Cattermole, and admirably adapted for educational uses, as well as for the libraries of the well-inclined and the well-informed. Whilst satisfactory to the scholar and the clergyman, it appears to us to be no less pregnant with

general instruction and mental improvement for the young and persons of moderately cultivated talents. The paths through which it travels are paths of pleasantness, and the vista to the end of which it points is equally delightful, balmy, and brilliant.

Having, as far as we can in brief space, explained the nature of this publication, we should find it a difficult task to quote as much of it, in a sheet like the *Literary Gazette* (when one of the largest reviews could do it but scant justice), as would fairly exhibit its merits. We must therefore be content with the report we have made, and with offering only a few short extracts to our readers to enable them to guess at the rest. The remarks on the famous Archbishop Laud come rightly within our compass for this object.

"The character and melancholy fate of this remarkable person are of necessity brought, at large, under the notice of every one who makes a study of English history or the English constitution. On this exhausted, but (in some senses) inexhaustible subject, it would be futile to enter in the present compendium. Nevertheless, the plan of the work did not allow the total exclusion from its pages of a prelate so eminent, not only as a statesman, but as a man of learning and a splendid patron of literature. William Laud was born in 1573, at Reading. In the grammar-school of that town he received his early education, and before the close of his 16th year obtained a scholarship at St. John's College, Oxford. He became fellow of his college in 1593, and in May 1611 was raised to the presidency, by an election disputed for a time, but finally confirmed in his favour by the king. Till near the age of fifty his time was passed either in the university or at court, where he was long a suitor for preferment in the capacity of chaplain to Abp. Neile. The learning, activity, and polemic skill of Laud won for him at Oxford more of admiration than his disposition procured of personal attachment. It would, nevertheless, be unfair to attribute to heat of temper the fact, that in a community overrun with Calvinism, this accurate scholar and able disputant constantly appeared at the head of the eager defenders of those doctrines and practices which every Calvinist of his time abhorred as popish. Having at length secured the favour of King James, he was in 1616, on the death of Dr. Field, made dean of Gloucester, and in November 1621 was raised to the see of St. David's. He officiated, as dean of Westminster, at the coronation of King Charles; was shortly afterwards translated to the bishopric of Bath and Wells; and thence, in 1628, to London. Already, in the previous year, the ambitious energy of Laud had found a sphere for its exercise in his appointment to the commission for executing the archiepiscopal functions during Abbot's sequestration. The path was now open to his greatness, and his ruin. He was elected chancellor of the university of Oxford in 1630; became prime minister at the assassination of the duke of Buckingham; and on Abbot's death, in 1633, his ascent was crowned by an elevation to the primacy,—a conspicuous mark for the indignation of an angry and powerful party,

whom he had never feared nor scrupled to irritate. The history of the twelve disastrous years that followed is the most minutely known, but the most eagerly disputed passage in our country's annals. Strafford in Ireland, Laud in England (the peer, one of the most high-minded of men, and gifted with pre-eminent genius as a politician; the churchman inflexibly honest, profoundly pious, regally munificent), became conjointly, not certainly the cause, but the eager and self-applauding, though unintentional instruments, of subverting a civil constitution worthy to be the world's model, and a church establishment, which, when wisely administered, combines with the purity of the primitive ages an exquisite adaptability to the necessities of more advanced periods of civilisation. We now know how all that befel in those dismal times was providentially overruled for good results; yet can hardly refrain, when we read their history, from exclaiming with wonder against the blindness and infatuation of great men. The heart of a mighty nation was bursting with an exuberance of strength, given for the accomplishment of vast and beneficent achievements; and here was a ruler who thought to stifle its complaints, correct its waywardness, and repress the distortions of its self-torturing power, by the magic of ceremonies raked from the dust of ages to which those struggles and that strength were unknown, and to lay it bound at the foot of antiquated and illegal, if not irrational prerogative! We attribute not the overthrow of the institutions of our country to Abp. Laud;—that was the work of a restless, ambitious, unprincipled faction, whose designs were promoted by the generous confidence of a pious people and by a junction with some few individuals of large intellect and noble natures; yet his trifling in the resuscitation of extinct observances, no less than the countenance given by him to arbitrary taxation and to the despotic severities of the Star Chamber, hastened the ruin, and made it complete. Immediately on the assembling of the Long Parliament in November 1640, Strafford, we have seen, was struck down. The primate, having been impeached at the bar of the house of peers on the 18th of December, and, six weeks later, committed, had already become the statesman's neighbour in the Tower of London, whence, on the 12th of May 1641, he beheld him walk forth to die. A long interval succeeded before his turn also came—an interval of unworthy and illegal usage of Laud himself, from which, however, he refused the opportunity to escape by flight into a foreign land; of triumph to the Puritans and republicans; of war and misery to the nation. At length, January 10, 1644-5, he submitted to the executioner's axe with the courage of a hero, the meekness of a sincere Christian, and the charity of a martyr."

Dr. Henry More (A.D. 1687) may well supply us with our next example:—

"As an author, Henry More perhaps never was,—it is almost certain he now never will be,—intimately known to the generality of readers. Like the great intellectual philosopher of our own times (who, in many of his most desirable characteristics, resembled, and

in some particulars excelled him), he found in the intense veneration of a few compensation for the coldness of the many; and (with greater confidence than Coleridge) looked to posterity for that more liberal justice which his contemporaries refused. Early in life, indeed as soon as he understood the bent of his own genius, his sagacity taught him to look for the comparative neglect of the world; nor has the lapse of nearly two hundred years in any degree improved the prospect of the expectation he confidently entertained being realised, that in some future period of general improvement the cloud would pass away from his fame. The nineteenth century is still more careless than the seventeenth about the labours, curious as they are always, and often sublime, of this patient, satisfied labourer in the mines of psychological research. An age which, practically at least, denies to theology the dignity of a science, and embraces utilitarianism for philosophy, is, of all others, the least likely to hasten the accomplishment of the prophecy sometimes quoted from this neglected author's 'Cupid's Conflict,' to illustrate the vanity of human hopes, and often repeated by him in prose:

'The words into the frozen air I throw
Will then prove vocal at that general thaw.'

The neglect of More's writings it is not, however, correct to ascribe either to such causes exclusively, or to their unquestionable abstruseness, to the frequent harshness of his nervous style, and to the difficulty of drawing breath in those giddy regions to which he commonly conducts the reader. This great and vigorous mind had its peculiarities and its astonishing weaknesses. As a disciple of Plato, he of course held the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul. He not only derived from the same source opinions, common to all Platonists, respecting the purity and discipline of the bodily vehicle, as necessary to the maintenance of that exalted state of the spiritual faculties to which he aspired, but added some fanciful notions respecting the odorous purity of his own corporeal vehicle, well fitted to excite the ridicule of an incredulous age. He was at one time an enthusiastic admirer of Des Cartes, and by his writings and conversation obtained vogue for the system of that philosopher at Cambridge. He contended for the immateriality of the soul, but thought this quality compatible with extension. He was a believer in witchcraft, and had faith in dreams, visions, and supernatural warnings and presentiments, which he ascribed to an actual converse with angels. Again, in his expositions of prophecies, though he repudiated as a theological dogma the notion of the Chiliasts respecting the future personal reign of Christ on earth, he nevertheless looked forward to a degree of holiness and piety prevailing in the latter ages of the world, of which, to say the least, experience affords hitherto no indication. 'In the seventh thousand year,' he says, 'I do verily conceive that there will be so great union between God and man, that they shall not only partake of his Spirit, but that the inhabitants of the ethereal region will openly converse with those of the terrestrial. And such frequent conversation and ordinary visits of our cordial friends of that other world will take away all the toil of life and the fear of death amongst men; for heaven and earth shall then shake hands together, or become as one house; and to die shall be accounted but to ascend into an higher room.' Respecting some of these opinions, it may indeed be truly said, that they belong rather to the age than to the individual; and concerning all of them it is certain, that they are not only consistent with

sincere piety, but perhaps also with a sound and robust state of the intellectual powers on other subjects. Clearer insight or a more chastened judgment, in matters strictly within human cognizance, has belonged to no man than to Dr. More; and if obscurity now and then cloud his writings, the fact is to be attributed neither to an imperfect conception of his own sense, nor to a defect of perspicuity in his language, but to the recondite nature of his subjects, and to the want of those qualifications in the reader which are necessary to his task. More's views respecting the cause and cure of those lamentable divisions by which the church was distracted in his time were sound, and healingly expressed: 'In this long bustle for and ostentation of an external religion,' he observes, 'the inward life and spirit of Christianity, which consists in humility, charity, and purity, is left out; and pride and covetousness are the first movers in all our actions.' 'Verily,' he elsewhere says, 'this fanatical distemper is so heinous and abominable, that they that are on the right side ought to take heed how in the least show they imitate it; for a man may be factiously affected in a right cause, and bear an over-proportioned zeal for things of smaller concern, out of an over-heightened animosity against sects, to the hazarding the quiet settlement of the whole. And if any one be so affected, I appeal to the sober if he may not justly be reputed to play the sectarian, though it be against the sectaries. No such cure for our breaches and wounds as the most profound humility in all parties, and unfeigned mutual love and charity. Of which virtues or graces, whosoever is found destitute, let him call himself (of whatever denomination) Christian, as loud as he please, he hath really in him not one spark of saving Christianity.' More was perhaps the most universally tolerant thinker that had yet appeared. His principles were as liberal as his heart was large. No man, even in that age, had a truer horror of the errors, corruptions, and persecutions of the church of Rome, as he has amply shewn in his work, 'The Mystery of Iniquity,' written to prove that those abuses were the issue of a satanic principle opposed to the great and holy designs of God; yet his language in speaking of that church is so entirely free from bitterness and personal malevolence, that we cannot for a moment doubt his sincerity, when he solemnly professes that he 'took as little pleasure in finding those antichristian characters among its members, as in the discovery of so many plague-tokens upon the bodies of his dearest friends and relations.' In the same mould of charity and candour were cast his opinions of those who, from ignorance or choice, remain altogether out of the pale of the gospel. The following is his manly, though oddly worded censure of that intolerance in which (and in which alone) all parties in those times agreed: 'Our high appreciation and value of the gospel is not best expressed by a mere vilifying and reproaching all other religions,—in damning the very best and most conscientious Turks, Jews, and Pagans, to the pit of hell; and then to double-lock the door upon them, or to stand there and watch with long poles to beat them down again, if any of them should offer to emerge and endeavour to crawl out.' He thought it sufficient to hold, 'that none shall be saved but by virtue of that truth which is comprehended in the gospel; that is, before they come under that one head of the church, which is Christ Jesus; there being no other name under heaven given among men whereby they must be saved. But how the conscien-

tious Jews, Pagans, and Turks, may be gathered to this head, it will be a becoming piece of modesty in us to profess our ignorance. We are rather to admit and commend what is laudable and praiseworthy in any of them.—Wherefore,' as he speaks again, 'those who are the truest lovers of God must be friendly and lovingly disposed towards all his appearances, and bid a kind welcome to the first dawnings of that diviner light.' How much to be regretted is it that writings in which such sentiments are frequent should be, in a manner, sealed up from the world!"

From the account of the writings of Dr. Richard Field, the friend and literary successor of Hooker, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth and King James, and a member of the celebrated conference at Hampton Court, some notices may indicate Mr. Cattermole's manner of treating this branch of his design.

Field was reputed the best disputant of his time in the university (Oxford). He was fond of disputing in the schools "for his recreation," and on such occasions collected a large audience. When in 1605 "James was entertained at Oxford, Field's reputation occasioned his being sent for from Hampshire to assist in the divinity act before his majesty; and the disputation between him and Dr. Aglieny, on the question, *An sancti et angeli cognoscant cogitationes cordium?*—Whether the saints and angels in heaven are cognizant of men's thoughts on earth,"—is reported to have been the best ever heard in those venerable schools. But this ripe scholar had now been, for some time, engaged on a labour of no ephemeral brilliancy, or merely traditinary reputation: this was his great work, 'Of the Church,' which issued from the press in the year 1606. From this time the king evinced a disposition to acknowledge, by more substantial marks of favour, those excellences of his chaplain, of which he was really no indifferent judge. He nominated him to the deanery of Gloucester in 1610; in the same year appointed him to a fellowship in the college proposed to be incorporated at Chelsea; and even dropped an intimation that he designed him for a bishopric. He was often required to preach at court on special occasions, besides his ordinary attendance. James's remark at the close of the first sermon he heard from him is, in the poverty of its wit, as well as in the just appreciation it indicates of his chaplain's merits, characteristic of his majesty. 'Is his name Field?' demanded the king: 'this is a Field for God to dwell in.' By no possibility, indeed, could a man appear in the world with such a name in the seventeenth century unassailed by a shower of puns; accordingly, Fuller commemorates him as 'that learned divine whose memory smelleth like a Field the Lord hath blessed.' But before an opportunity occurred for the destined elevation of Field to the episcopal order, a fit of apoplexy terminated his peaceful and honourable career: he died Nov. 25, 1616, and was buried in the nave of St. George's Chapel, where a slab of black marble bears an inscription to his memory. The learning of this divine was probably equal to that of any among his contemporaries; his intellect subtle and penetrating; his memory admirably tenacious. These felicitous qualities he devoted to the best objects. Though an unrivalled disputer, he entered the arena of controversy with a view to promote peace. His inquiries were directed to those points which learning and judgment are competent to decide; but he studiously shunned the abysmal doctrines of predestination and reprobation, at that time frequently discussed

with intense eagerness."—"Though it be apparent that the lamp of Field was lighted at the blaze of Hooker, and that the five books 'Of the Church' might never have been written but for the appearance of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' we, nevertheless, find in the first of these works neither an imitation of the manner, nor an invasion of the subject of his illustrious friend. The great charm of Hooker consists in his adaptation of the general spirit of ancient philosophy, and of his own rich native eloquence, to a topic apparently little susceptible of either—the indefeasible right of the church, in every age, to frame her polity in subservience to her own great purposes on earth. The aim of Field is to vindicate the antiquity and catholicity of Protestantism, in contradistinction from the spurious claims of Popery; and on this subject he brings to bear only one kind of learning, though in consummate perfection, viz. the ecclesiastical; using the vehicle of a clear manly style, unadorned with the colours of the imagination."

Of Dr. Donne we shall record only one anecdote:—

"From the misery of domestic want he was in some degree relieved, by accepting the generous proposal of Sir Robert Drury, the patron of many persons of learning and genius, to reside, with his family, in his mansion in London. Sir Robert, likewise, to divert Donne's melancholy, took him with him to Paris. There an incident occurred, which the biographer of a later age would have buried in silence, but which Walton relates with a degree of gravity characteristic of the persons and the time. Donne and his wife had parted with affectionate regret, expressed on her side by 'forebodings of ill in his absence;' on his by a 'valediction' in verse, which, though censured by Johnson for absurd ingenuity, well denotes, in the quaint manner of its author, his struggles to repress a concentrated tenderness. Left alone in an apartment in Sir Robert's hotel at Paris, immediately after quitting a convivial party, the busy heart and brain of Donne, suddenly dispossessed of the images and feelings of the present, filled to overflowing with the absent and the past: twice he saw his dear wife pass by him through the room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. His confidence in the reality of this vision so impressed his friendly host, Sir Robert, that he despatched a messenger to London or news. The man returned with this account,—that he found Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child; and, it is added, it appeared that this event had taken place 'the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.' She recovered, however; and these painful occurrences in the family were followed by the dawn of brighter fortunes."

And our limits now bid us take a reluctant leave of this work, which we do with one more quotation relating to Dr. John Smith:—

(1644-1652). "To a just estimate of the literary remains of Smith the public have been in some degree recalled by the recent praise of two persons, in many respects widely different from each other, but meeting at least upon the common grounds of exquisite judgment and earnest piety—the late Bishop Jebb and the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge. After the author's death, his papers were placed in the hands of Dr. Worthington. They consisted merely of notes of the lectures delivered by him in the discharge of his duty as dean and

catechist of his college, many of them written merely on 'loose and scattered' leaves. To ascertain whether these fragments were likely to repay that affectionate labour which the solicited editor was willing to bestow on them, little examination was needed. It was no inconsiderable task, however, guided by some intimations, which he met with, of the course the author meant to pursue, to reduce the disjointed portions to their natural order. The next business (likewise no trivial one) was to translate the numerous quotations from the learned languages, which occur in them. The doctor then divided the whole into discourses and chapters, prefixing to each chapter an analysis of its contents; and concluded a service honourable to friendship and to literature by the composition of an useful preface. The discourses are, in all, ten."

Of these we merely mention two, the 8th and 10th:—

"The 8th is 'Of pharisaic righteousness.'—It powerfully demonstrates the vanity of substituting unsound observances for the sanctity of the individual; and therewith the truth of the author's aphorism, 'that true religion is not an art, but a new nature, which discovers itself best in a serene and clear temper of mind, in deep humility, meekness, self-denial, universal love of God and all true goodness.' . . . The 10th and last is entitled 'A Christian's conflicts with, and conquests over Satan.' It considers the devil not only as an apostate spirit watching for men's destruction without, but as a spirit of apostasy and degeneracy in the soul itself; and that the danger of temptation is rather in their yielding through their own frailty, than by the unassisted suggestions of the spiritual adversary. This discourse was delivered before a public auditory; it is consequently more familiar, and, in the ordinary sense of the word, more practical, than those which precede."

The Chinese War, from the Commencement to the Treaty of Nanking. By Lieut. John Ouchterlony, F.G.S., of the Madras Engineers, &c. &c. 8vo, pp. 522. London, Saunders and Otley.

THIS is by far the most consecutive history of the Chinese war with which we have met; and indeed the only account which merits that name. It presents us besides with so much original matter, sketches, and traits, that its popularity with every class of readers, civil as well as military, may be reckoned upon with certainty. We have found it interesting throughout; though we cannot say much in favour of many of the fifty-three illustrations, which, in our opinion, seldom help the text.

As the great outline of the operations of the war is familiar to every one from despatches and gazettes, and a number of characteristic statements have been gathered from preceding publications, addressed to parts of the struggle,—we shall look rather for novelties in the descriptions of the people and their doings, to form our review, than for an analytical following of the events related. We may observe, that the gallantry and conduct of our forces were conspicuous from first to last, and the slaughter of the enemy terrible. The Chusan affair has been so well painted by Lord Jocelyn, and the ransom of Canton by others, that we pass at once to a later period; our first note referring to the engagement at Chin-hae; where, "hemmed in on all sides, and crushed and overwhelmed by the fire of a complete semicircle of musketry, the hapless Chinese rushed

by hundreds into the water; and while some attempted to escape the tempest of death which roared around them, by consigning themselves to the stream, and floating out beyond the range of fire, others appeared to drown themselves in despair. Every effort was made by the general and his officers to stop the butchery; but the bugles had to sound the 'cease firing' long and often before the fury of our men could be restrained. The 55th regiment and Madras rifles, having observed that a large body of the enemy were escaping from this scene of indiscriminate slaughter along the opposite bank of the river from the citadel and batteries which the naval brigade had stormed, separated themselves, and pushing across the bridge of boats, severed the retreating column in two; and before the Chinese could be prevailed upon to surrender themselves prisoners, a great number were shot down, or driven into the water and drowned. The loss of the Chinese was immense in killed and wounded; a vast mob of prisoners was captured, besides numerous pieces of cannon, many of which were brass, an immense quantity of camp-equipage, ammunition, arms, and stores of all descriptions, and a considerable number of junks and armed boats. The prisoners were all set at liberty on the following day, deprived of course of their arms, and some also of their tails, which, though an accident easily remedied by the humbleness of their torsors (by plaiting a new tail into the root of the old one), was a mark of disgrace that did not fall to the province of the victors to inflict, and was a wanton outrage on the feelings of the Chinese, which could only serve to exasperate them against their invaders. Sir Hugh Gough, when informed by an officer of what was taking place, sanctioned his interference, and ordered that the prisoners should be merely disarmed, and released without degradation of any kind. When, however, this gentleman, who had followed Sir Hugh Gough in a boat, reached the shore, the last man of the Chinese *détenu* was under the hands of the operator, a tar, who, upon being hailed to cease his proceedings, hastily drew his knife across the victimised tail, exclaiming that it was a pity the fellow should have the laugh against the rest."

At Ningpo: "A number of little Chinese boys who were found roaming through the deserted streets of the city, in a miserable and half-starved condition, when it was taken possession of by Sir Hugh Gough, had been fed and half-adopted by our soldiers: the little fellows soon accustomed themselves to the habits of the men, and became useful about the barracks in a variety of ways, particularly in carrying provisions for the supply of the messes, and in procuring any articles not readily obtainable in the principal market. On the morning of the 9th, however, these boys, who were scarcely ever out of the men's quarters, appeared before their patrons in a state of great alarm, making signs in imitation of the headman's functions, and of the discharge of matchlocks and cannon, and repeating to all their particular friends in the barracks the warning, 'Min-ting, leilo; min-ting, leilo' (they will come to-morrow); after which they all disappeared in parties, and towards evening scarcely one was to be seen in the quarter of the town occupied by the force. Fortunately this warning was not lost on the men, and although no orders were issued directing more than ordinary watchfulness on the part of the guards, a feeling of unusual alertness and expectation of mischief pervaded all the men on duty that night, especially those at the south and west gates (which, from their position, are more ex-

posed to a surprise than some of the other entrances of the city), on each of which a guard of only one subaltern and fourteen rank and file was posted, with no point of support to retreat upon, in the event of emergency, nearer, in the case of the south-gate guard, than half a mile. Midnight had passed away without the appearance of a foe, and a sense of security was beginning to banish the doubts of the preceding day, when, about four A.M., the sentry on the rampart over the west-gate discerned the figure of a Chinaman advancing along the paved road leading to the outer entrance into the square bastion in which the double gateways are situated; he called out to him to 'weilo' (go), but the intruder continued to approach the gates, holding in his hand a substance which resembled a glowing match; the challenge was repeated, and the man without halting replied, in a firm voice, 'weilo mon' (will not go); the sentry's piece was levelled in an instant, and the man fell. The report of this solitary musket-shot was the signal for a general onslaught, and as the troops turned out of their quarters at the sound of the call to arms, which now resounded far and wide through the city, their ears were greeted by volleys of musketry incessantly rattling at the south and west gates, and by the booming of heavy guns in the direction of the river, where the Modeste and the Sesostris steamer were lying. The suburbs instantly appeared alive with enemies, who poured down upon the gates in columns of dense array and prodigious length, headed by men whose gallantry and determination could not have been excelled. At the west gate, however, which was in good repair, and possessed at the time a guard-house well calculated for defence, all their efforts to effect an entrance proved fruitless. The guard, which was ably commanded by Lieutenant Armstrong, of the 18th regiment, manned the parapet of the bastion, and poured in upon the dense mass of men below a close and steady fire of musketry, which took deadly effect among their crowded ranks, while a few files were employed in throwing over from the ramparts upon the heads of their miserable assailants, the large heavy blue bricks and blocks of granite of which the parapets and revetments are composed, and which were afterwards found to have crushed and mutilated numbers of the enemy in a most shocking manner. But the havoc which was thus taking place among them did not for a long time deter them from persevering in their desperate attempt; and while a few bold men endeavoured to scale the wall, by driving nails into the crevices of the masonry, and so ascending, another party having reared a rude sort of ladder against a part of the rampart, clear of the fire of Lieutenant Armstrong's men, their leader, a powerful and courageous man, actually gained the summit. He was not, however, destined to receive the reward of his gallantry; for, being encountered as he issued from an embrasure by a private of the 18th, one Michael Cushion, who had been atoning in a solitary cell near the guard-house for some undue weakness 'in regard of' the strong waters of the Chinese, and had been liberated by the sentry on the approach of danger,—the Chinaman's matchlock was in a moment wrested from him, and the butt brought to bear upon his head with all the momentum which the sinewy arm of the son of St. Patrick could communicate to it, felling him to the ground, whence he was lifted by Cushion, and thrown through the embrasure upon the bodies of his comrades, who lay crushed and mangled below."

The rest of the combat is minutely described,

till at last the Chinese were put to flight in every direction:—

"A great many of the enemy escaped into the houses and by-streets as the routed columns rushed along, and throwing away their arms and soldiers' dresses, mingled with the crowd, and thus escaped the fate of many of their comrades, who, having been brought from distant provinces, and unacquainted with the localities of the city, were unable to avail themselves of the ready means of escape which its hundreds of lanes and alleys afforded. So confident had the assailants been in the issue of the conflict, that, on the return of our men to the guard-house, it was found that a Chinese guard had been already established in it since the retreat of the subaltern's party, who occupied it at the moment of the attack; their beds, and the usual kit of a Chinese soldier, abandoned in the hurry of their unexpected expulsion, were found spread upon the floor."

A short time previous to the enemy having begun to draw off from the attack,—“A party of artillerymen, under Lieutenant Molesworth, pushed forward a few hundred yards into the suburbs, to ascertain the direction they had taken, and see what was going forward. They soon found themselves in front of a dense mass of troops, drawn up along the main street, upon whom Lieutenant Molesworth, although accompanied by a mere handful of men, instantly opened a smart fire of musketry, which the Chinese returned with much spirit, and shewed a disposition to advance upon their assailants. At this juncture, Captain Moore's howitzer came up, and, being run to the front, immediately opened upon the living wall before them with case shot, at a distance not exceeding twenty to thirty yards. The effect was terrific, for the street was perfectly straight, and the enemy's rear, not aware of the miserable fate which was being dealt out to their comrades in the front, continued to press the mass forward, so as to force fresh victims upon the mound of dead and dying which already barricaded the street. The head of the column fell literally 'like the mower's swath at the close of day,' and the howitzer only discontinued its fire from the impossibility of directing its shot upon a living foe, clear of the writhing and shrieking hecatomb which it had already piled up."

This merciless carnage "proved too fearful a lesson to be soon forgotten by the Chinese troops: upon no occasion during the war had such terrible slaughter been inflicted either in so short a period of action, or in so confined a space. The corpses of the slain lay heaped across the narrow street for a distance of many yards; and after the fight had terminated, a pony, which had been ridden by a mandarin, was extricated unhurt from the ghastly mass in which it had been entombed so completely as to have at first escaped observation. The boldness of this attack, both in its plan and execution, excited, as may be imagined, much astonishment among the British troops, who, from the severe and still recent example made of the defenders of Chin-hae, and from the ease with which the force assembled at Yu-Yao had been dispersed in January, little expected to find the aggressive thus intrepidly assumed by the Chekiang division of the imperial army. It appeared, however, from the information given by the prisoners, that the force which had been launched against our position consisted exclusively of men who had never before been opposed to British troops, nor witnessed the destructive effects of musketry and grape-shot. Among their number, also, upon this occasion, had been a large body of half-savage moun-

taineers, from the country of the Maou-tsee, who, it is said, have never yet submitted entirely to the yoke of the Tartars; as a strong proof of which, it may be observed, that this hardy race alone, of all the population of the empire, do not conform to the national custom of wearing the long tail of hair, by the compulsory imposition of which the Tartars have so strikingly marked their conquest over the southern inhabitants of the empire. Many of these men were taken, wounded, from the pile in the suburb, and attended by our surgeons in the military hospitals. Their appearance and habits seemed ferocious and uncivilised, and the style of their features shewed a marked difference from that stamped upon the faces of the Chinese, having low, receding foreheads, broad, flat noses, and sinewy limbs, besides other physical evidences of a barbarous condition, and an active and muscular habit of body. These men had evidently been highly paid by the imperial government for the work of that night, on the successful completion of which they were doubtless to have received still greater rewards; for upon the bodies of the slain were found, besides the long keen knives with which they were all armed, a small pouch, containing almost invariably six dollars of the esteemed pillar coinage. An eye-witness has given an anecdote characteristic of the scene in the following words:—"As I was picking my way clear of the reeking mass which obstructed the street, the men, as they passed on, were snatching from the dead the little purses in which the discovery of the dollars had been made; and as I stepped by one of them, a son of the emerald isle, who was examining the contents of one which he had just appropriated from the girdle of a soldier, whose temples had been literally crushed in by a shot, I heard him say, 'Bad luck to ye! ye've bin an' spint one of 'em; here's only five.'"

These Maou-tses were never again encountered by the British troops, which the author observes is "a fact which warrants the remark, that repugnant to the feelings of humanity as the wholesale destruction of life which took place in most of our engagements with the Chinese confessedly was, its infliction was justified by the important consequences which invariably attended it—viz., the total rout and discomfiture of a foe in open fight, as it was ascertained that upon no occasion during the war was a division of the enemy's troops which had been defeated with slaughter, such as that of Chin-hae or Ningpo, arrayed a second time against us. So that every engagement which was fought inflicted upon the hosts of the Chinese a loss, not only of those slain and captured in the field, but of the entire *corps d'armée* engaged, which, as far as regarded their future service against the British force, was put entirely *hors de combat*."

In one case the Chinese fire-rafts are thus described:—"The vessels employed in this instance to set fire to our fleet were better than those usually seen, being large strong boats crammed and piled up with brushwood, straw, oil, and other combustibles, and having chests of powder at the bottom, to explode and scatter the burning fragments among the ships."

In the battle of Segao:—"The loss of the enemy was great: they left upon the field of battle from four to five hundred killed and wounded, while many more were slain or drowned in the pursuit. A few prisoners were taken, amongst them three mandarins of inferior rank, one of whom stated himself to belong to the imperial guard, of which a detachment 500 strong had been engaged on that day. From

information given by the prisoners, and from some returns and public documents found in the tents, the total number of men who stood on the side of the Chinese on the heights of Segaoon was estimated at between 7000 and 8000, of whom a great proportion were troops from the northern provinces, men of more hardy and warlike habits, and of greater sinew and muscular power, than the ordinary troops of the central and maritime districts: they had never before encountered the British forces, and their confidence in the result of the contest appears to have been unbounded; for, on examining the camp, it was found that the whole of their baggage, including every moveable article of their kit, had been left behind in their flight, nothing having been removed save the arms carried on the persons of the soldiers. A good deal of sycee silver was found secreted in the better class of tents, but no military chest was discovered. An officer has recorded, that, in crowning the right of the enemy's position, the troops mingled with the Chinese, and passed through some lines of tents on the summit of the hill as they drove them out of their intrenchments. In his progress he was arrested by the groans of a wounded man, who was stretched on a couch in the corner of a tent; he gave the poor wretch, who had the button of a mandarin, some water, or performed some kindly office to him which humanity dictated, and the man, catching him by the arm as he was leaving the tent, pointed eagerly to a heap of clothes near him, and made signs that he should lift them up. He did so, in the expectation that he should find beneath some victim of the fray; but to his surprise his eyes fell upon a glittering heap of sycee silver: he looked to the mandarin for explanation, when he gesticulated earnestly that he should take it, which he accordingly did, and, assembling the men of his company who were with him, shared the prize among them on the spot. They did what they could for the wounded man, and hurried on to overtake the column. When the fight was over, the officer went back with a few men to look after the grateful sufferer, when he found the tent consumed, and the mandarin scorched and blackened, and quite dead.]

[To be continued.]

COLLECTIONS IN POPULAR LITERATURE.

MR. J. W. PARKER has commenced a series of publications under this title, intended for families, school-libraries, and for convenient fire-side or travelling companions. Certain standard English books are to be re-edited, but the majority of the volumes are to be newly written, translated, compiled, or abridged, as the case may require. We have now before us, in a neat closely printed little tome—

History of the Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Bonaparte (Pp. 192), from the interesting French account of Eugene Labaume, a captain of engineers in that memorable expedition, into which it is calculated from 524,000 to 680,000 men, and above 170,000 horses, were led, and of whom only a wreck returned. The most dreadful lesson ever taught to mad ambition is recorded here.

Chronicles of the Seasons (Pp. 336) is the first of four books of a miscellaneous character, being a course of daily instruction and amusement for the months of January, February, and March, selected from popular details of natural history, science, arts, antiquities, &c., samples of which we will insert next week.

The Useful Arts employed in the Production of Food (pp. 183) treats of a familiar manner of

agriculture, gardening, bread-making, vegetable-growing and properties, malt liquors, home wines, animal food, game and sporting, fish and fishing, and cooking, &c. &c. It is an excellent book for young people, and full of information.

The Writing-Desk and its Contents (pp. 103), another familiar production by Mr. Thomas Griffiths, author of *Recreations in Chemistry*, &c., in which many important scientific facts are rendered intelligible to juvenile or mean capacities. The illustrations are chosen with great judgment; such as capillary attraction by blotting-paper; in short, the author has shewn, as his intention was, that many interesting experiments can be made with the most common things, and without incurring much expense for apparatus. Thus all the leading facts of attraction are illustrated by the writing materials contained in "The Desk."

The History of Christianity, by W. Cooke Taylor, LL.D. (pp. 351), but we are not sure that it belongs to the series. It embraces the period from its promulgation to its legal establishment in the Roman empire; and is carefully written by the author, who also informs us that nearly all of it received revision from the late pious Bishop of Meath. We can recommend it as a sterling Christian and religious composition.

Chatsworth; or, the Romance of a Week. Edited by the Author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," &c. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

The highly esteemed name of Mr. Ward on the title-page honours the corruption of the word "edited," for which, in itself, we entertain a thorough dislike. In the first place, it has covered so many tricks, that it has become almost synonymous with imposition; and, in the second place, it creates so much doubt and uncertainty as to authorship, as to be found, for that reason alone, very disagreeable.

But when we speak of the author of *Tremaine*, we must refer to a very different state of things. He is a gentleman who would lend his pen to no subterfuge, and he possesses a literary as well as a personal reputation which puts him above all suspicion. We shall therefore take this work for what it purports to be; and consider the machinery rather as a part of the individual himself, than as pertaining to any other writer whatever. Boccaccio wrote all the *Decameron*; why not Mr. Ward all *Chatsworth*? The introduction, at any rate, is his, and worthy of his talents. It treats us with a picturesque and finely observant journey from London to Chatsworth, and then introduces the *dramatis personae* of interlocutors and tale-writers. The youthful freshness and fancy of this portion is only equalled by the acuteness and solidity of many of the remarks with which it is seasoned, breathing of greater experience and more worldly wisdom. Harken to a touch derived from Matlock, old Bath, and applied to the now all-fashionable spas of Germany.

"Considering that, since the marvellous 'bubble' discoveries of the 'old man,' and all the other old women, of the German spas, Matlock has grown obsolete,—especially now it has become accessible at the cost of a few hours' time and a few shillings' money,—we are much too reasonable to ask people to be pleased with it: it is out of fashion, and there is no more to be said. But when English spagoers have expended all their spare admiration on the aristocratic 'finery' of Toeplitz and Carlsbad (whose very innkeepers write themselves countesses); on the Greenwich-fair

gaiety, gambling, and gormandising of Baden-Baden; on the cockney pastoralties of Wiesbaden; the sullen, snake-haunted seclusion of Schlangenbad; the leaden solitude (schwein excepted) of Langen Schwalbach; the Regent's Park ruralities of Marienbad; the Primrose-Hill prettiness of Kissingen; the tumble-down antiquity of Aix-la-Chapelle; and, in short, all the other manifold wonders and beauties of all the other spas that it is their present pleasure to patronise;—when, we say, English spagoers have exhausted and grown tired of all these, they may perchance think it worth while to bestow a passing glance (merely out of curiosity) at a spot which as much surpasses them all in picturesque beauty and scenic grandeur and sublimity, as its pure, limpid, life-giving springs surpass in salubrity the dirty ditch-water, and the 'inconvenient distance,' to which the places we have named owe their celebrity."

Our author appears to be no lover of the Anti-corn-law League, whatever his son may be.

"Every step we advance up the valley of the Derwent grows more and more redolent of the atmosphere of that spot which is now evidently near at hand. Like the fabled tree within a certain distance of whose shadow no unclean thing would harbour, Chatsworth spreads its beautifying influence on all things within that circle at the extremity of one of whose radii our approach to it commenced. On the southern side of Matlock Bath, the scenery, with infinite natural loveliness, is deformed, every here and there, by one of those enormities with which the pestilent demon of commerce has desecrated a land that had otherwise rivalled in beauty the most beautiful of those in fable. Here stands, midway up the side of some fair, forest-clothed hill, everlastingly overlooking the vale, for miles around, with its innumerable eyes,—a vast cotton mill. There, down by the soft, sweet margin of the river, just where a gentle declivity in its course has broken its serene face into sparkling dimples—lo! a never-ceasing noise of innumerable hammers issues from low blackened walls, that, day and night, in sunshine and in moonlight, vomit forth volleys of poisonous smoke, that blast the trees all round, till no bird will sing in them. Not much less offensive to the eye of taste—see! the be-pillared and pedimented mansion, or the be-battlemented castle, of some cotton-lord or iron-master, hanging heavily against the brow of yonder green upland, like a loathsome goitre on the neck of some mountain-maiden, that were else fair as her own hills. Once passed the threshold of that circle of which Chatsworth is the centre, we have not only no more of these painful and offensive anomalies, but every thing seems to take a tone and colour from those of the presiding divinity of the district. From the feudal dignity of Haddon, in its venerable decay, and the princely splendour of Alton Towers in its modern magnificence, down to the way-side hovel of the poorest peasant, all is in keeping with itself, with its purposes, and with the objects which surround it. Every dwelling speaks the precise station of its owner, and that he is content with that station; neither shrinking painfully from the one below him, nor straining awkwardly towards that which is above him. The pleasant homestead of the substantial yeoman stands soberly in the midst of its subject fields, aiming at nothing higher than to mark the dwelling-place of their simple-minded owner. The modest domicile of the village pastor looks blandly from out its sheltering trees,—the emblem of that holy and

happy calm, which it is the blessed office of its inmate to spread around him, but which never yet emanated from the paltry prettiness of a dandy parsonage. Even within the elegant retirement of the world-wearied recluse, or the philosophic seclusion of the lettered student, who are content to view mankind from 'the loop-holes of retreat,'

No demon whispers—Visto have a taste!

no vulgar classicalities shock the scholar's eye, by courting it in the midst of scenes where they have no business—no wealthy fool's 'Folly' dares to face and affront the simplicities that would laugh it to scorn."

The little natural and rustic hamlet of Rowsley is high in favour with Mr. Ward, and he contrasts it with a "Folly" of the noble owner of Chatsworth, called Edensor:—

"Hark! a whistle from behind yonder green upland! As it does not cause the whole affair to split into two equal parts, and, moving away by some invisible agency, church and all, give place to something else, that whistle cannot be the prompter's, and what we look upon is not one of the scenic illusions we at first took it for. What else then may it be? and to what end designed? The gate of entrance is open; there is nobody to say us nay; we will enter, and examine the scene a little more closely. A broad gravelled carriage-road, but without a single mark of carriage-wheel to impeach the perfection of its level, leads windingly up a gentle ascent, either side of it being bounded by a raised footway of green, smooth-shaven turf, immediately adjoining the inner extremity of which rise the fanciful trellised boundaries, no two alike in pattern, of certain diminutive flower-gardens, growing diminutive flowers, and leading respectively to as many diminutive dwellings, no one of which has any thing in common with its neighbour, except the marked resemblance that each and all of them bear to the pretty plaster of Paris light-houses that the Italian image-boys carry about London streets on their heads. Looking at each of these fairy habitations separately, you fancy yourself peering, with one eye, through the peep-hole of those ingenious show-boxes by which certain house-beautifiers in Old Bond Street inveigle the unwary a long way from home 'in search of the picturesque.' Looking at the whole together, you may fancy them the deserted domiciles (got together by some strange magic) of all those youthful visionaries of the last London season, who commenced their married life with amiable idealities about 'love in a cottage,' and, being able to afford it, corrected their error before the end of the honeymoon. And yet the unsullied brightness of every window, the immaculate whiteness of every drapery within, the perfect preservation of every flower and leaf without, not to mention the blue smoke that rises gracefully from the graceful chimneys of some few of these dwellings, forbid all idea of desertion. We must guess again. Perhaps, then, the singular scene on which we look is the last, best work—the *opus magnum* (carried into effect by favour of his friend the duke) of a certain Prince Prettyman of the May-fair coteries of the last century, who, having come to his fortune after long waiting for it, felt that he must die immediately (as every body does under such circumstances), and being determined not to do so without benefiting *his species*, hit upon this method, in the shape of alms-houses for decayed dandies. The guess is a happy one: but it evidently misses the mark. Were it as you suppose, the drawing-room window of each

domicile (it being a soft summer's evening) would present the velvet-capped head leaning on the jewelled hand of its respective occupant,—as that of poor Brummel ever did under similar circumstances, when he lodged over the little bookseller's shop in the Rue Royale at Calais. Whereas, here, there is no touch or sign of human or any other life; all is silent and motionless as the villages we wander through in dreams. Yet not so. See! the window-sill (till now vacant), round which cluster those lovely roses of Provence and honeysuckles of England, is occupied by a snow-white cat. Can it be? Have we at last found or lost our way to the long-sought domain of the transformed princess in the prettiest of fairy tales? Instead of being, as we fancied ourselves, close to Chatsworth Palace, are we 'fifteen thousand miles from everywhere'—as Planché's pretty version of the tale intimates that fairy residence to be situated? Reader or spectator of the unique scene that has so inopportunistly stopped us in our progress, thy conjectures as to its use or destination would never hit the mark, shouldst thou guess till doomsday. You give it up? Learn, then, that this romance in stucco is neither more nor less than a real village inhabited by real peasants and labourers, who, like other peasants and labourers, 'live by bread,' (ay, and bacon too, 'though by your smiling you would seem to doubt it'); getting that bread and bacon by the sweat of their brow; growing their own cabbages and potatoes (somewhere out of sight); brewing their own beer; marrying, multiplying, and performing all the other offices of ordinary men and women in the like station. But no—the blank silence that reigns every where throughout this seemingly favoured spot, even now that the labours of the day are over, proclaims something apart from ordinary village life—something, if not wrong, *too right*, about this rural La Trappe,—where the men, and the women too, seem to have forgotten how to talk, the dogs how to bark, the cats how to mew, and even the birds how to sing: and as for the little children, they have evidently never come to their tongues at all—a 'hush!' or an upheld finger, being the extent of their intercourse with their parents and with one another! Seriously, this pattern village of Edensor is the prettiest idea imaginable—on paper; and there it is that the duke must alone have contemplated it, before carrying the design of his architect into effect; or his fine natural taste would have predicted the almost painfully artificial result. The case is simply this: on the spot at present occupied by the model village of Edensor, there not long ago stood (within the very precincts of the park), a squalid hamlet, comprising the usual amount of tumble-down cottages, reeking dung-heaps, dreary duck-ponds, draggeltailed mothers, dowdy daughters, dirty-faced children, and all the accompanying ills and eyesores that English poverty is heir to; not forgetting the usual proportion of those amiable inventions of modern legislation, where beer and beer are "licensed to be drunk on the premises:"—in short, a very blotch upon the fair aristocratic face of Chatsworth; an unwholesome, unsightly eruption, for which, all ordinary modes of treatment being tried in vain, there was none left but the empirical one, of *driving the disease inwards*. And this, by the shallow counsel of his estate's physician, the good, kind, and generous duke has adopted; little guessing the fatal result upon the patient, and as little likely to learn it from that quarter as from any other,—seeing that the disease we are dying of is al-

ways the last to which we believe ourselves liable. The least reputable and tractable of the quondam inhabitants of Edensor have been relegated to a village about a mile off, erected purposely for them by the duke; and the *élite* have been installed in this *beau-ideal* of a village, at an almost nominal rent, but under a tenure, the conditions of which may be guessed from what we have observed while looking on this prettiest and most plausible of mistakes—which can only be described by negatives. It has no shops, no smithy, no 'public,' no pound, no pump;—no cage, no stocks;—no quoits, no single-stick, no wrestling, no kite-flying, no cricketing, no trap-ball, no pitch and toss, no dumps;—no shouting, no singing, no hallooing, no squabbling, no scolding;—no love-making, no gossiping, no tittle-tattle, no scan—Yes! one thing the miserable denizens of this 'happy village' have gained, in vice of their elevation in the scale of social life: they may scandalise one another to their hearts' content! And it is to be hoped that they do so: for what is left but scandal, to those whose lives must be conducted in a whisper?"

This is very smart and very true;—Cockneyism in Derbyshire must be the most obnoxious of visions. Arrived at Chatsworth, we are introduced to the party assembled there, who are personally portrayed, together with their habits of life and mental attributes. They are, Tressyllian Toms, Lady Bab Brilliant, Reginald Beltravers (the Lion), the Lady Pen-thea, Sir Proteus Plume, and a school-boy poet adorning Milton. The prototypes of some, if not of all these characters will be readily recognised in the literary world; but as they are devoid of personalities, except here and there a collateral innuendo, they cannot be condemned as efforts to give piquancy to the book. From the list we select Lady Bab Brilliant as a sample of the rest:—

"Observe that lady, with the sparkling face and Circassian form, who sits ensconced in the deep recesses of that luxurious reading-chair, listening to the handsome dandy who hangs over her, as if his words were the inspirations of that poetry which looks from her own eyes; whereas they are only the newest club-engendered scandal, or at best some of the elaborate nothings of fashionable small-talk which he has perchance picked up (without knowing it) from her own last new novel. That is the Lady Bab Brilliant; the most accomplished writer that her own sex has hitherto produced, and the only one whose pen ever acquired the power of a man's without losing the ease and grace of a woman's. She is the Millamant at once of letters and of fashionable life,—uniting into one coherent whole a host of seeming contradictions,—the wit and vivacity of a Wortley Montagu, the sagacity and worldly wisdom of a Du Deffand, the heart and social affections of a Seigné, the penetrating spirit of a De Stael, and the varied accomplishments of all these. The Lady Bab Brilliant, though she had always been beautiful, had never before united in her face and form so many varied attractions as now; for, though she had passed that 'dolce primavera' so dear to dreaming poets and decaying dandies, she had only just attained that 'bella età del oro,' until the advent of which women always lack a something, either in expression, in manner, in *mise*, or in *tournure*, to satisfy the cravings of a really cultivated and consummate taste. The position of Lady Bab Brilliant in the world of fashion was a singular one. There is not a vice or folly on which that singular microcosm piques itself, that she had not pierced through and through with the winged

arrows of her wit, or scourged with the keen lash of her satire, or 'turned the seamyside without' by the breath of her indignant scorn;—not a class to which the barbed shafts of her ridicule did not cling thick and three-fold;—scarcely an individual ill-doer who had not appropriated to his or her own particular wearing one or other of the innumerable specimens of head-gear which she had scattered about in lavish profusion for the especial wearing of anybody they might chance to fit. And yet the Lady Bab Brilliant was the very pet and idol of that world which her pen had contributed, more than all others united, to cover with the ridicule, and brand with the scorn, of the wise and good! What was the explanation of this seeming anomaly?—Simply that the Lady Bab Brilliant, not only did not pretend to be any better than her friends and associates, but in reality was no better. She was in truth an epitome, in herself, of all the fashionable follies, and not a few of the fashionable vices (so called, but not by her or us), which she had so effectually held up to public contempt and indignation, that they would have been ashamed to shew their faces, even in the salons of May Fair, if she herself had not kept them in countenance there, by cherishing each in turn, and paying especial court to those of her associates who did the like. Her principle, in regard to the small morals of society was—measures, not men. She argued, with a good-natured ingenuity all her own, that the vice lies in the dice, not in the dicers; that if there were no vices there could be no vicious people! Accordingly, she was as unsparing in her castigation of all fashionable crimes and misdemeanors (her own included) as she was infinite in her toleration of all fashionable wrong-doers—still not omitting her dear self. She was a sort of female Sheridan,—herself the exemplar of all the social errors she satirised with her pen and her tongue,—

Herself the great original she drew—

(without knowing it). And be it expressly understood, that she was no less the exemplar of their good qualities than their bad ones,—still without knowing it."

In others good reflections are scattered; as thus in the sketch of Lady Penthea, about whose reality no one can hesitate:—"Of all the shallow profundities of this most profoundly shallow age, commend us to the ignorant blunder which holds that, because there is more of falsehood and artificiality than there ever was before in human society, there is, therefore, less of truth and nature—less of poetry and passion. Will anybody shew us, in the records of the dark ages, as they are called—ages when human society was pretty much what nature made it, only more savage,—when might and right were awed only one,—when law was the will of the strongest,—will anybody pretend to point out to us, in the domestic history of those ages—the ages, *par excellence*, of Romance—any thing half so strangely romantic as the events which occur under our cognizance every day we live, and the passions and actions that grow out of them? The heavens, forsooth, have ceased to be poetical, since Herschel discovered some of their sublime secrets, and made them 'familiar as household words!'"

A grand tilt at the prescribed publishing size of novels in three volumes, neither less nor more, is an amusing essay on that Procrustean measure; and then we come to the several romances in Chatsworth, "proving and decreeing that, thenceforth and for ever, a legitimate prose tale can and shall take no more time in the reading than a five-act play; and that to

construct such a tale with perfect success, on the true principles of art, is to the full as high an achievement as a perfect tragedy"—to which comedy is afterwards added by vote.

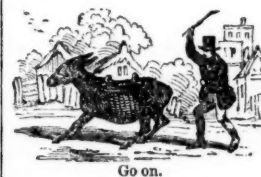
"The Vow," the first of these productions, may be an exposition of nature and passion; but it is so trammelled with antique forms, and founded on a state of things so remote from existing ideas, that we have taken very little interest in its perusal. It occupies about 120 pages. The next is "Love cured by Love," an old story of the Moluccas, in the middle of which the first volume concludes. There are also the "Faithful and the Faithless," the "Romance of an Evening," the "Three Wanderers," and the "Wanderings of Prince Pericles," the circumstances of all being chiefly taken from ancient dramas. Whether Mr. Ward has succeeded in working out the truth of his proposition or not, we shall leave to the readers of these narrations; but we confess that they seem to us to be rather cold and inanimate.

The Prince of Wales's Library. No. I. The Primer. Published at the Office of the "Illuminated Magazine."

A pretty little fanciful thing, not unworthy of the royal "imp of fame" whose name, *ad captandum*, is imprinted on its title. The frontispiece is a playful design; and when a prince comes to the toil of learning his letters, the pictorial comparative alphabet here might be as egregiously employed as any with which we are acquainted; for

Q's like a hoop with a cat jumping through it;
R's like an arm-chair, if sideways you view it.

Some of the cuts are perhaps rather ludicrous for tuition: still, children may learn as much from fun as from gravity; and we give a few of the illustrations as fair samples of the whole.



Go on.



Do so.



Bald.



Fitch.



French.



Dwarf.



Baste.



Carve.



Farce.

And with this juvenile "farce" to end the entertainment, we now recommend the *Prince's Primer* to the beneficial wear and tear of every nursery.

Spain under Charles the Second: Extracts from the Correspondence of the Hon. A. Stanhope, Minister at Madrid, 1690-1699. By Lord Mahon. Pp. 216. London, Murray.

LORD MAHON has made some additions to this (the second) edition of the historical documents belonging to his family at Chevening. The present condition of the country renders these reminiscences more than ever interesting to readers of every class.

Biographical Dictionary. Vol. III. Part 2. Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Longman and Co.

THE proverb says, that what is well begun is half finished; upon which ground we might say that a moiety of this Dictionary is done, though Part 2 of Vol. III. only brings us from Aristophanes to Richard Atkyns, towards the end of the letter A. Who will live to see Z we cannot predicate, nor into how many volumes the alphabet will run. We have, therefore, the pleasure of leaving the full review of the work, when it shall be completed, to any grandson of ours who may inherit the *Literary Gazette* and his grandfather's genius, and be disposed to look at the whole, as we do at the part, with a favourable eye.

Thirty Years from Home, or a Voice from the Main-Deck; being the Experience of T. Leech. Pp. 305. Boston, Tappan and Dennet; London, Wiley and Putnam.

A VERY unadorned narration of a sailor's hardships, privations, dangers, and sufferings; out of which grows a religious turn, and the writer addresses his earnest advice to his "fellow-sailors" to turn from evil courses and become zealous Christians.

Domestic Scenes in Greenland and Iceland.

Pp. 114. London, J. Van Voorst.

A NICE little book for children, informing them of the habits of these northern people—neatly got up, and ornamented.

Voices of the Night. By H. W. Longfellow. London, Clarke and Co.

Psyche. By Mrs. Tighe. The same.

Two prettily ornamented editions of two graceful poems; the latter particularly acceptable, as it has been some time out of print.

Nouveau Mélange, narratif, descriptif, historique, et littéraire. Par Martin de la Voye. Londres, A. H. Baily.

A VERY well-chosen collection of French literature from the best ancient and modern authors, and well adapted for instruction in the language and mental improvement.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 19.—Lord Ashley, president, in the chair. The subject of the evening was part the first of a very elaborate paper by Mr. Fletcher, hon. secretary, prepared at the request of the society, and entitled "The metropolis, its successive limits, present extent, and divisions for local government." After minutely describing what was formerly and what is at present included within the terms "London," "the City," &c., the author stated that in the city within the walls, there are 97 parishes, occupying an estimated space of only 370 acres; and in the city without the walls, 11 parishes, the two precincts of Blackfriars and Whitefriars, and the whole of the inns of court and chancery, which are also extra-parochial, within a space of 230 acres, making the total of the city only 600 acres, or less than one square mile. This small area, extending lengthwise from the Temple to the Tower, was occupied naturally

by several dry gravelly elevations, rising gently from the north bank of the Thames, separated from each other by brooks flowing southward to that river, and presenting a site as healthy as it is advantageous for empire and for commerce. In the beginning of the last century the population within the walls was not much less than 140,000; but space within its limits having gradually become more valuable for warehouses than for human habitations, it was reduced in 1841 to 54,626. The population of the city without the walls was about 69,000 at the commencement of the last century, and in 1841 it amounted only to 70,382. Thus, though the population of the city without the walls has not materially increased for a century and a half, yet we see at how small a distance from the very centre of the metropolis the constantly increasing demand for places of mere business ceases to be felt to a depopulating extent. It is the city within the walls which we must regard as one vast counting-house and warehouse, where the banker, the merchant, the warehouseman, and the retail dealer meet, and to which no small number of consumers also resort. The history of the borough of Southwark, by far the most ancient of the large suburbs of London, was minutely detailed, and, in Mr. Fletcher's opinion, "affords a lesson worthy the study of constitution-makers, and sufficiently explains the inaptitude of the city's institutions for extension to the whole metropolis, as rapidly as its buildings have in recent times extended." After a succinct account of the heretofore acknowledged boundaries of the metropolis, it appeared that "the obvious imperfection of all of them compels us to seek some other, and to inquire whether there really be no boundary of the metropolis for any political or administrative purpose whatever, which should mark, by its aptitude for some definite purpose, the limits within which is comprised the whole of the population that can fairly be considered metropolitan in locality and in character." That which administrative experience proves to be the circuit of the population socially connected with and organised upon London, to the exclusion of such as is suburban to the first towns in the surrounding countries, and dependent upon their petty sessions for the minor aids of criminal justice, is the outer boundary of the metropolitan police-court districts. The extreme length of the district thus encircled from east to west is about 16 miles; its extreme breadth, from north to south, about 10; and its contents about 130 square miles, which would form a tract of somewhat more than 11 miles square. Accompanying Mr. Fletcher's statement of the area, population, houses, rental, poor's rates, county rates, and police rates, of each ward within the city, and of each metropolitan parish without its limits, was a table shewing the progress of the population in each of its great quarters in the several decennial periods from 1801 to 1841, illustrated by charts of the various boundaries of the metropolis. The reading of the second part of this paper, which described the division of the metropolis among the various local authorities according to the various objects of its municipal government, was deferred to the next meeting. It was then proposed, that within the definite limits now assigned, the society should forthwith make every exertion to obtain "an account of the endowed voluntary and assessed charities of London." It appeared that the funds of the city charities alone amounted annually to 220,870*l.*; those of the general endowed charities to 77,000*l.*; and those of the endowed

parochial charities of the city and the rest of the metropolis to 97,000*l.* per annum; the total annual revenue of the metropolitan endowed charities being nearly 400,000*l.*, while that of the assessed charity by poor's rates was 551,202*l.* per annum. It was suggested that a committee of the members of the society should be formed to enter upon an investigation of this subject, with the view of furnishing the necessary authentic information.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 16.—Mr. Solly "On the changes in the brain—form of the brain at all periods of life, from birth to old age—and the importance in the treatment of insanity of viewing the brain as a compound organ." He was induced to bring this subject before the meeting by a strong conviction that there are facts established concerning the growth and development of the brain after birth, which not merely the public, but the medical profession, have neglected, and that these facts have a most important bearing on the education of children, and the treatment of criminals and lunatics. He then proceeded to describe the various nervous systems of man; shewing that there was one to superintend the functions of the organs of vegetative life, the heart, lungs, and digestive organs; another to produce those most important muscular actions which were so essential to life that they had not been left to careless man to will, such, for instance, as the winking of the eye to protect it from foreign bodies, and in the act of swallowing food the jerking of it over the opening of the air-passage with a sudden and involuntary movement.

He next passed in quick review the nervous system of animal life, by means of which man is connected with the external world. The brain, he said, was a collection of ganglia, or centres of power, connected with the various organs of sense, with a pair of superintending ganglia, whose office appeared to be that of perceiving and judging of the sensations received by the various subordinate ganglia. This pair of ganglia are to be seen in the fish about the size of peas; in man they are so large that instead of being nodules they are folded surfaces. He then shewed how the brain was protected and nourished by its membranes; and one of the strongest arguments in favour of the opinion that it is the surface of the brain which ministers to intellect, is derived from the symptoms produced by inflammation of the membranes of the brain. This inflammation affects especially the hemispherical ganglia, in the first instance exciting the mental powers to an unnatural extent, and afterwards obliterating them. If in a fit of apoplexy the blood was effused below these ganglia into the motor and sensory tracts, paralysis would result; but after the first effect of the commotion was over, the mind would remain perfect. In cases of old-standing insanity, and to a certain extent even in old age, the convolutions of the brain were shrunk, and their space occupied by water. The brain has been exposed in cases of fracture of the skull; and, in dressing the wound, pressure on the brain would arrest speech, and for the instant destroy consciousness, the intellect returning on the removal of the pressure.

Mr. Solly dwelt with much force on the importance of attending to all continued unnatural mental excitement. If a man exhibits for one or two days consecutively greater mental power than usual, with unaccustomed fluency of speech, expressing frequently that he feels peculiarly strong and well, it should be looked upon as a dangerous symptom, as indi-

cative of morbid excitement of the brain, which, if not arrested, may terminate in positive insanity. Now, convincing as the arguments were in favour of the opinion that the hemispherical ganglion of the brain is the instrument of the mind, he stated that he considered it equally well established, that this ganglion was not an unit, but a combination of centres of power. Gall, he said, was the first philosopher who propounded this doctrine, and, by his long-continued observation of nature, clearly proved its truth. Mr. Solly considered the arrangement of double organs to be borne out by the commissures of the brain, which he conceives to be the connecting bands of the hemispheres. Mr. Solly confessed himself a phrenologist; and said that those who have not given their serious attention to this subject, have a sort of indefinite idea that phrenology is some occult science, by means of which its professors pretend to be able to judge of a man's character by an examination of the bumps upon his head. This is the phrenology of the superficial and the idle, who, not having industry enough to investigate for themselves, set up a baseless shadow, and then take credit for the facility with which they overthrow it. This is not the science of phrenology, but the phantom of their own imagination. In the first place, the term bump, or any other indicating irregularity in the surface of the skull, as assisting the phrenologist in his investigations, has no place in his vocabulary. The practical phrenologist judges of character by space rather than by elevation or depression. He then proceeded to shew that the brain is the organ of the mind—the material condition without which no mental act is possible in the present world—that "the mind sees through the medium of the eye just as it thinks or feels through the medium of the brain; and as changes in the condition of the eye deteriorate or destroy the power of vision without any affection of the principle of mind, the obvious inference follows, that in like manner may changes in the condition of the brain destroy the power of feeling or of thinking, and yet the mind itself, or soul, remain essentially the same."

There is one question which, says Mr. Solly, has been often asked—Can a soft substance like the brain influence a hard material like the skull? He replies, that the skull was a portion of an internal skeleton which was altering at all periods of life with the rest of the body, and not an insensible case, like the skeleton of the lobster, which was thrown off periodically, to enable the animal to grow. Many well-disposed persons have objected to phrenology as leading to fatalism, and that it must be untrue, as inconsistent with the benevolence of Deity, inasmuch as they supposed that it inculcated the principle, that the disposition of man was dependent on his cerebral conformation, and that therefore he was not accountable for his actions. Now, Mr. Solly's great object was, to shew that, though the form of the brain is not alike in all children at birth, any more than their dispositions or intellectual capacities are alike, yet the form of the brain of man may be altered and improved, as the disposition and the intellect may be at any period of life, by education and restraint. Mr. S. proceeded to demonstrate some very striking alterations of form in the head, the most decided of which was that of Herschel the astronomer, father of the present Sir John Herschel. He exhibited two casts, the first cast taken at the age of forty-five. Up to that time he had been engaged as a musical performer and professor of music at

Bath; at that age he changed his occupation, and took up the study of astronomy. A cast was taken twenty years afterwards, at the age of sixty-five; and it is clear that there is a decided increase in the size of those organs which would be brought into play under such circumstances—size, form, weight, eventuality, comparison, and from the exercise of his powers as a public lecturer, that of language. It must always be borne in mind that the physiological principles upon which phrenology is founded may be perfectly correct, and, nevertheless, its professors may make great mistakes in its applications. Such mistakes occur in the medical profession; but the healing art nevertheless exists.

Mr. Solly concluded by directing attention to the system of non-restraint in cases of insanity, and its great advantage over the old treatment. It has been successful, he said, because phrenology is true. Even those who are not practical phrenologists will tell you that they always do more with a patient who has a well-formed head than one who has not. He then spoke of the education of lunatics, eulogised Dr. Conolly; and contrasted models of the padded room with those instruments of restraint which will, we trust, be soon entirely abandoned.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 15.—Mr. J. S. Bowerbank in the chair. This being the anniversary of the society, reports from the auditors and from the council, laying before it the expenditure and an abstract of the proceedings of the council, were read; after which, the secretary, in the unavoidable absence of the president, read an address, in which he gave a brief summary of their present state, and also the substance of the various papers read during the past year, reported by us monthly. He also enumerated the various presents received since the last anniversary; and concluded by noticing the deaths of two of the members. The society then proceeded to the election of the president and other officers, and of four members of council, for the ensuing year; when Professor T. Bell was elected president, the other officers remaining as before. The society afterwards adjourned to a *soirée*, at which upwards of 200 persons were present, and some exceedingly beautiful and interesting objects were exhibited by the aid of the three microscopes belonging to the society, and of a number of others furnished by the kindness of the members present.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Feb. 17, 1841.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of February 12.—The report of MM. De Mirbel, Boussingault, and Payen, "On the quantity of morphia contained in the specimens of opium grown in Algiers," holds forth high promise that thence may be obtained opium more constant in quality than any opium of commerce, and as rich in morphia as the finest varieties of Smyrna and India collected in tears and free from adulteration.

The following are the results of M. Persoz's experiments on the fattening of geese:—1. The goose-fattening does not only assimilate the fat contained in the maize, but it forms itself a certain quantity out of the starch and sugar of the maize, and perhaps also by the aid of its own matter, since the quantity of fat formed is generally double that of the maize. 2. When fattened, a goose has more fat than the increase in its own weight. 3. The composition of its blood during fattening undergoes a change: it

becomes rich in fat, and the albumen disappears or is modified. 4. There seems to exist a certain relation between the enlargement of the liver and the quantity of fat produced. These results seem in accordance with Liebig's views, and opposed to those of Dumas and others.

A memoir by M. Lewy, on the resin of Magnas, so called from a province of that name in America. According to M. Goudot, who submitted the specimen to M. Lewy, it is furnished by *Calophyllum calaba*, a beautiful tree, found in the plains of the Oronoco. It is extracted by incision. In its fresh state this resin is white and limpid, but it thickens in the air, and becomes yellowish. Its external characters resemble most resins; but when purified by solution in boiling alcohol, it assumes the form of small transparent prisms. By slow operation, very fine oblique rectangular yellow prisms may be obtained. Analysis of the purified resin gives C.¹⁴ H.⁹ O.³, like to benzoic acid, with the addition of three equivalents of hydrogen. This resin acts as an acid; it enters into combination with bases, dissolves readily in potash, soda, and ammonia, even cold: it is insoluble in water, very soluble in alcohol, ether, the volatile and fixed oils. Its density is 1.12; it melts at about 105°: once melted, it remains a long time liquid, solidifying only at about 90°. To dry distillation it yields empyreumatic oils, and leaves a carbonaceous residue. Acetic acid dissolves it; sulphuric acid also: the latter gives to it a beautiful red colour, but water precipitates from it the resin uncrystallised. Treated with nitric acid at 36°, it affords a liquid and volatile acid, possessing all the characters of butyric acid. There remains in the vessel a liquid, which, by concentration, gives small crystals of oxalic acid. There is formed also a crystallisable acid not examined by M. Lewy.

M. Joly and M. Lavocat have dissected a giraffe at Toulouse. Several of the details of the anatomical investigation are very curious. In some points it resembles the larger domestic ruminants; in others, it approaches the horse; but, for the most part, it is unique, as curious in its structure as it is singular in its form and external habits. The operators tasted the flesh of the giraffe, and found it excellent; the meat is described as more tender than beef, and more agreeable than veal.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—Some communications have been made to the Comité Historique by M. Pierangeli, one of the judges of the Royal Court of Grenoble, on the mysteries and other scenic representations formerly played in Corsica. The mysteries were of the same nature as those in vogue in other parts of Europe during the middle ages; but here they were performed in public as late as 1804, when on Trinity Sunday the *Death of Saul* was represented at Bastia. The *Passion* and similar subjects were also played at the end of the last century. A secular subject much admired there by the common people, is the *Moresca*, instituted in memory of the Saracens being driven from the island. This was commonly done in the open air on a raised platform, when two armies—one of Christians, the other of pagans—fought to the sound of military music: victory, of course, declaring on the side of the Christians.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Feb. 15.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—H. H. Gibbs, grand compounder, J. P. Norman, Exeter College; Rev. J. Isaacson, New

Inn Hall; Rev. T. Debary, Rev. C. J. Sale, Lincoln College; Rev. T. Coulthard, Queen's College; Rev. T. Garrard, fellow of St. John's; J. C. M. Stevens, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. F. P. Morewood, N. J. Senior, B. S. V. Blacker, Christ Church.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Progress of Egyptian Discovery.—We defer to our next number the report of a learned and elaborate memoir on the celebrated Eugubian tables, and other communications, read at the last two meetings of the society. In the meantime we have the satisfaction of making known, through its means, a further step in the march of discovery in Egypt. The interesting fact alluded to is communicated in a letter from Sir Gardner Wilkinson to Mr. Hamilton, dated Cairo, January 25th:—"I have just come," writes Sir Gardner Wilkinson, "from Alexandria, and on the way I stopped at Sa-el-Hadjar, where I had been told of a stone with hieroglyphics, which I went to copy. Though it is apparently of little consequence to find any hieroglyphics in these days telling us where Sais stood, as it has been sufficiently agreed upon by most people, yet it is particularly fortunate at this moment, as I find a question has been raised by some persons learned in Egyptian matters about the real site of that city. The hieroglyphics are on the fragment of a column, and contain the prenomens of Psamaticus 2d, 'the beloved of Neith, the lady of the land of Ssa, to whom life, stability, and purity (a stable and pure life), have been given for ever.' This, then, decides the point; and it has an additional interest from containing the name of a Saite king as well as that of the goddess." We propose in our next to lay before the reader a facsimile of the hieroglyphic inscription, with some further extracts from Sir Gardner's letter.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 17.—A paper by Prof. H. H. Wilson was read by him, being the first of a series of communications on the festivals of the Hindus. The author remarks, that among all the nations of the ancient world, a considerable portion of the year was set apart for the solemnisation of public festivals, of many of which vestiges are to be found in the calendars of most countries even in the present day. They are, however, rapidly disappearing before the progress of refinement, and the enhanced demands of society upon the labouring classes, which leave them little opportunity of relaxation from toil. Even in India, under the influence of a foreign government, the public holidays are losing much of their estimation, although they are still frequent in the East, and afford the best means of appreciating the nature of many celebrations which were once, perhaps, common throughout the world; for, the author observes, the festivals of antiquity in addition to their uniformly bearing, as do those of the Hindus, a religious complexion, are distinguishable into two great classes, universal and particular: the latter originating in local legends, and traditions, and peculiar systems of mythology; the former in the movements of the heavenly bodies, the revolutions of the year, and the recurrence of cyclical periods. Analogies are to be detected even in the first class of observances, inasmuch as they arose out of feelings and notions common to man in similar conditions of social existence, or out of imperfectly preserved traditions of the early history of the human race; but it is in the second class that they are most numerous and striking, in the festivals which were instituted to commemorate the periodical re-

turn of the various seasons of the year, and to express the sentiments which the aspect of nature inspired. The analogies between these intimate a time when identity of practice in these respects prevailed amongst nations far apart and apparently dissimilar, and tend to corroborate the discoveries of modern philology, which have established the original affinity of the Indo-Teutonic races. It was not the purpose of the author to enter into such detail upon this subject as its interest demanded; his object was to place within the reach of other inquirers such materials for its elucidation as the religious fasti of the Hindus were calculated to furnish, derived from authentic Sanscrit works and personal observation, noticing briefly, however, such resemblances as appeared to be most obvious. The author then proceeded to describe the celebration by the Hindus of the Uttarayana, the return of the sun to a northern declination, as computed from his entrance into the sign Capricorn, which takes place properly towards the close of December, but which by changes in the Hindu calendar is now thrown back to the early part of January; and he indicated the probability that the offerings and distribution of food and sweetmeats, the sports and rejoicings, and the interchange of reciprocal good wishes, which characterise the Uttarayana of the Hindus, are essentially the same as the usages which, although somewhat obsolete, do still prevail in European nations at the beginning of the year. Whatever modifications the types of gladness may have undergone, they are in substance of one and the same purport, and designate both in the East and in the West the feelings with which the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere welcomed the reappearance of the source of light and heat, and the resuscitation of vegetable life.

Dr. John Wilson, president of the Bombay branch, who is just returned from India, laid upon the table a large collection of beautiful drawings of scenery in the deserts at the head of the Red Sea, in Petra, and in Palestine, through which countries he had recently passed. He stated that engravings were about to be made from these drawings in illustration of his travels, which he intended publishing very shortly. It being understood that Dr. Wilson had received letters from Mr. Westergaard, a learned Dane, who was well known to several members present, respecting the Guebres of Persia, whose towns he had visited, the director inquired if he had received any thing that might be of interest to the society. Dr. Wilson said that while at Bombay he had for some months studied the Zend language in conjunction with Mr. Westergaard, and that he had come to the conclusion that the Zend was a genuine language, and that it had been once vernacular in a part of Persia; but that the now-existing Zend texts were not quite genuine representations of the ancient works of Zoroaster, having been, in all probability, transcribed in times when the language was no longer spoken, by persons who had traditionally learned to repeat the words of the book without a knowledge of their meaning; and that this would account for many irregularities in these works which had so long cast a doubt on their genuineness. This was now the opinion of Mr. Westergaard also, as he found by a letter recently received from that gentleman, which he read to the meeting. Mr. Westergaard had visited Yezd and Kirman, in Persia; and had found that the Guebres there were in possession of Zend books, similar to those possessed by the Parses of Bombay,—a discovery quite conclusive against the supposition that these books

were modern forgeries of the Parses of Bombay, which had been suggested by some persons. He estimated the number of these followers of the ancient faith in Persia to be between 5,000 and 6,000; the number of them in Bombay, Dr. Wilson said, was about 50,000. In his journey through Persia, Mr. Westergaard had transcribed and translated a number of cuneiform inscriptions of great interest, some of which had escaped the notice of any preceding traveller. Mr. Westergaard's health had in some degree suffered from his exertions, and it was his intention when he last wrote to pass the winter at St. Petersburg, where he would have an opportunity of digesting the information which he had acquired.

THE XANTHUS EXPEDITION.

Malta, Feb. 5.

THE most interesting event is the arrival here on the 26th and 27th ult. of her Majesty's steam-frigate *Devastation*, which touched on her passage at Macra, where Mr. Fellowes is at work in the recovery of the Xanthian statues. By the accounts furnished, and which reach up to the 26th ult., the expedition enjoyed excellent health, and were in good spirits at the prospect of terminating their labours by the end of March. The officers amused themselves when off duty in the sports of the field, game of all sorts being abundant. One very important acquisition, and, in the opinion of Mr. Fellowes, of inappreciable value, was a piece of antiquity, representing a fabulous being driving a car, having in its centre a three-headed monster; a lion at one end, a goat rising from its back, and a scorpion or serpent at the other end: this is designated the Chimæra tomb, to obtain which, and prepare it for exportation, it was necessary to saw it in halves.

To this private correspondent of the *Standard*, under date "Medea, 29th January," adds the following particulars:—

"Mr. Fellowes and party have been very successful in their last survey on the banks of the Xanthus. One of the most valuable relics of antiquity of which they have possessed themselves is that of a Chimæra tomb, the discovery of which is contrary to the general opinion of antiquaries, that such a thing could not be found in Asia Minor. It is composed entirely of marble, and the tomb is covered with figures of men and women, and several animals. One of the figures attached to it is supposed to be Bellerophon taming an animal, called by the ancients a Chimere, formed partly of a goat, lion, and other animals. This animal is said in fabled history to represent the volcanic mountain of Lycia: 'on the top of it are lions, in the middle pastures with goats, at the root of it serpents; whence it was called a monster spitting fire, with the head and heart of a lion, the belly of a goat, and tail of a dragon, said to be slain by Bellerophon, because he made the mountain habitable.' The whole of the tomb is as perfect as when first executed, which must have been some thousand years since. We are lying about 35 miles from the Xanthus now. We shall run up there on the 12th of March, as after the 16th of that month all the party engaged in the discoveries, who are at present in huts or houses on shore, will sleep on board the *Medea*, the change of climate about that time being very injurious. By the first week in April Mr. Fellowes and party will have completed their operations; and when we have embarked the produce of their labours we shall start with them for Malta, touching at Rhodes on our way thither. After that we shall be for England."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.; Medical, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Zoological, 8½ p.m.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.; Pharmaceutical, 9 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
Friday.—Medical and Chirurgical (anniversary meeting), 3 p.m.; Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.; Botanical, 8 p.m.
Saturday.—United Service Institution (anniversary meeting), 2 p.m.; Asiatic, 2 p.m.; Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

WELLINGTON CITY STATUE.

A MEETING of the committee for the erection of this tribute from the city to the Duke of Wellington, in grateful acknowledgment of His Grace's civic sources, took place at the Mansion-house on Thursday afternoon; present, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Lucas, Sir C. Hunter, Sir P. Laurie, Sir James Duke, J. Johnson, Mr. Masterman, Mr. Lambert Jones, Mr. Tickner, Mr. C. Francis, Dr. Croly, Mr. Jerdan, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Rainbow (honorary secretary), and several other members. A letter from Mr. Trevillian, of the Treasury, was read, in which their lordships sanctioned the appropriation of the surplus metal, of guns placed at the disposal of Sir Francis Chantrey, to execute this statue, one moiety to the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, and the other to the great Wellington statue, now casting by Mr. Wyatt for the west-end of the metropolis. The quantity is above eight tons; and we congratulate the country on this patriotic disposal of the trophies of war to these legitimate public and national objects. It was moved by Sir Peter Laurie, and seconded by Sir James Duke, that the committee had much pleasure in complying with the Treasury minute, which, after considerable discussion, was unanimously agreed to. It was then moved by Mr. Jerdan, and seconded by Mr. Francis, that a letter should be written to the executors of Sir F. Chantrey, requesting them to have the statue ready for inauguration on the 18th of June next, the anniversary of Waterloo, which was also carried unanimously. The Lord Mayor mentioned that the block of buildings occupying the probable site, between the Royal Exchange and the Poultry, would be cleared away in 28 days from the present sale of the materials, and thus leave the space open for the equestrian bronze group and its granite pedestal; and on the suggestion of Mr. L. Jones, a sub-committee was appointed to confer with the Gresham committee and other authorities on the subject.

In conclusion, we must express our warm approval of the conduct of government in furnishing from its abundant stores, the fruits of their victories, materials in aid of the generous individual subscriptions to do honour to the heroes of England. It is of such stuff as the cannon they have captured in their glorious victories that their forms should be preserved for ever, and not in the old pots and pans of the tinker or factory, which not even the fiery furnace, through which they must pass, can purify enough for so illustrious a purpose. A few Waterloo or Trafalgar pieces of artillery—for these are their own trophies—should form the monuments of the admiration of a people to a Wellington and a Nelson.

SIR DAVID WILKIE'S STATUE.

At a meeting held on Monday last at the Union Bank, Charing Cross, for the purpose of receiving Lord Mahon, who had kindly under-

taken to write an inscription for the statue of Sir David Wilkie in the National Gallery, there were present Sir P. Laurie, the Hon. Leslie Melville, Mr. Phillips, R.A., Sir W. Newton, R.A., Mr. Peter Laurie, Mr. Burnell, and the secretary Mr. P. Cumming, when his lordship presented the following brief but expressive legend:—

"SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

Born 1785.
Died 1st June, 1841.

A Life too short for Friendship, not for Fame."

The subscription-books were handed over to the sculptor, Mr. Joseph, to collect arrears, and the whole affair thus finally terminated.

Peninsular Heroes.—A grand historical picture, painted by Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., as a companion to his *Waterloo Heroes*, was exhibited at Messrs. H. Graves and Co., in Pall Mall, on Wednesday last, previous to being put into the hands of the engraver. Among the earliest visitors was the hero of all, the illustrious Wellington himself, who evidently took great pleasure in recognising and pointing out the portraits of his gallant comrades in arms. Here on his right hand and on his left were the likenesses of thirty of his paladins; and, as far as we could judge from the features of those with which we are acquainted, these likenesses are characteristic and excellent. The Duke of Beaufort, W. Napier, Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Hume, the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir George Murray, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Sir A. Maclean, and Lord Lynedoch, in this respect vouched for the correctness of the rest. The general disposition of the figures is also well-considered and effective. Sir G. Murray and Gen. Bradford are discussing a point of interest relating to the battle of Vittoria, to which the Duke, between them, and the whole auditory, in various postures, are listening with attention. Uniformity and formality are thus ably avoided; and by a like intelligence in point of colour, several blue uniforms and orders being introduced, the glaring prevalence of the scarlet is prevented, and toned down in a very able style. Altogether it is a picture which reflects high credit on the artist, who has just received the academic rank of R.A. The scene is the United Service Club; and the architecture, pictures, and furniture, are skillfully treated as accessories to the human action. As an engraving we can conceive no work likely to be more popular than this representation of these distinguished warriors, who rescued not only the peninsula but the world from thralldom.

Specimens of Decoration in the Italian Style.

Selected from the Designs of Raffaello in the Vatican Palace at Rome. By J. W. and W. A. Papworth. London, Ackermann and Co.

THE wonderfully diversified and wonderfully beautiful designs of Raphael which enrich the Vatican can never be viewed without a feeling of regret that they are not made more familiar to us by being introduced among those magnificent embellishments which adorn the seats of taste and wealth in our own country. They are applicable to many purposes; and we are indebted to the Messrs. Papworth for thus rendering so many of them readily available. These etchings are executed in a truly artistical manner, and from them we might adorn a cottage or a palace with grace or splendour. They are not to be described. Here is a scroll of fruits or flowers, with birds, butterflies, bees, and other insects—here Etruscan patterns—here symbolical designs—here mere fancies—

and here grotesques, but all of singular spirit and imagination. There are twelve plates of them, besides ornamented titles and vignettes, &c.; and it is their poorest praise to say that they offer a vast fund of ideas to every one who is desirous of decorating his abode in a classical and elegant style.

The Stone-Breaker's Daughter. E. Landseer. Engraved by John Burnet. London, H. Graves and Co.

A LOWLY but a lovely subject, and treated with perfect truth and fine feeling. We never saw a more naturally beautiful countenance than that of the girl, who has come with his meal to the stout old Highland stone-breaker. The expression of both is admirable; and need we say of E. Landseer that the dog is a true Scotch terrier? It is altogether a charming print.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Macready.—Our last American papers are quite enthusiastic in their accounts of the progress of Macready in the south. At Charleston he was received with great public honours, enhanced by general and marked consideration for his private worth. At the end of his last night's performance the excitement and applause were indescribable. If we are rightly informed (and it will rejoice the public and the lovers of the national drama, for whom he made such sacrifices, to hear it), he had realised as much in honest dollars as he could have hoped for from a year's success.

Drury Lane.—On Saturday night, the 50th performance of Balfe's charming opera, the *Bohemian Girl*, was followed by the first of Albert's ballet, the *Beauty of Ghent*, introducing Mdle. Fleury and M. H. Vestris as principal dancers. The lady, it will be remembered, was one of the many promising young danseuses of the season 1842 at Her Majesty's theatre. She made her *début* as *Queen of the Willis*. She is graceful and pleasing, full of activity and energy, but not steady in retaining the classical attitudes she assumes. Her action is extremely expressive; the result, it would seem, of hard study and practice rather than a natural gift—for her countenance scarcely ever varies. She is youthful, and has still much to achieve ere she attains the summit of her art. M. Vestris is animated and buoyant, and as agreeable as a man-dancer can be. M. Albert was very effective in the pantomime, of which his rôle entirely consists. Petite Stephan and Clara Webster both danced charmingly—indeed not second in several parts to Mdle. Fleury. The ballet is magnificently got up, and apparently no expense spared: the scenery, dresses, &c., are new and appropriate. The story is that of the popular Victorine: it is, however, much too long.

Haymarket.—On Thursday a new piece, from the French, called *Grist to the Mill*, was produced here, and, owing to the lively acting of Madame Vestris, Mrs. Clifford, Mr. Strickland, and others, went off well. Some retrenchments in the early scenes will improve it.

Princess's.—At this pleasant and well-conducted little theatre a constant succession of novelties, together with a good company, have drawn full houses. Since our last notice, *Blasé*, the same story as *Used up* at the Haymarket, has been successful. Of course the acting of C. Mathews and of Keeley in the same parts must be widely different; both, however, have succeeded in gaining the approbation of the public. Paul Bedford, Miss Noel, and Prosperi, also contributed a full share to the success achieved by Keeley's droll *nonchal-*

ance. Mr. and Mrs. Wood have appeared in *Norma*, with *éclat*—totally different from other performers in this part either on the Italian or English stage. Mrs. Wood renders it more feminine and gentle, yet full of passion and intensity: it is a fine and original conception, and assuredly enlists the sympathy of the hearer more than the fierce and violent emotions we are accustomed to in other *Normas*. Her execution of the music is, in truth, altogether worthy of her high reputation as an English vocalist. We do not say it is a perfect performance, but it is a most attractive and eminently beautiful one. Mr. Wood sung the part of *Pollio* extremely well; the music suits his manly and pleasant voice. Mr. Weiss was effective in the music of *Oroveso*; his voice, as we have before said, being of very good quality, is valuable in concerted music. Miss Grant's *Adalgisa* was carefully and pleasingly sung. The opera is put upon the stage with every requisite as to scenery, dresses, &c.—On Tuesday an American dwarf was presented to the public, so small that we could not see him . . . from the back row where we obtained a seat. He made himself, we heard, into Greek statues, &c., with all the grace of a Kentucky. He was largely applauded.

Théâtre Français.—L'Hérice's *début* here was not successful, his comedian *Stolbach*, in *Le Roi de Prusse* et le *Comédien*, being far less effective than Hammond's at the Strand, though labouring under all the disadvantage of English translation. In the entertainment of *L'Art de ne pas monter sa garde*, his acting was clever, and his aged garrulity very laughable. The re-engagement of Achard is an acceptable service on the part of Mr. Mitchell; and the revival of the light *petite comédie* of *Les Mémoires du Diable* an agreeable act.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Royal Society Evenings.—The Marquis of Northampton's first *soirée*, as president of the Royal Society, took place at his mansion in Piccadilly on Saturday last, and was, as usual, attended by many distinguished persons, though we regret to say the noble marquis was prevented by indisposition from receiving the company in person. His post was, however, courteously occupied by his son-in-law Lord Alford, and Mr. C. S. Dickens his brother-in-law. On the tables were some beautiful productions of art, works of science (including Mr. Dent's admirable meridian instrument, which attracted great notice), and other curiosities of interest to the intellectual world; and in the room below, the tables were also liberally supplied with ices, wines, confectionary, and other refreshments. Among the visitors were the Duke of Richmond, Lord Colborne, Lord Campbell, Bishop of London, Lord Beaumont, Lord John Russell, Lord Howick, Sir C. Lemon, Sir E. Coddington, Sir J. Lubbock, Sir S. Staunton, Sir P. Egerton, Sir J. Rennie, Sir Wm. Symonds, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Hume, Mr. M. Milnes, M.P.'s; Mr. Sturges Bourne, Sir H. Ellis, Sir H. Nicolas, Captain James Ross and Captain Crozier, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Murchison, president of the Geographical Society; Mr. Walker, president of Civil Engineers; Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Fox Talbot, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Turner and Mr. Uwins, R.A.; Mr. Wyon, and many other authors, artists, and gentlemen well known through their connexion with literature and learned and philosophical institutions. The only regret of the evening was what we have mentioned—the absence of the noble host, whose lively intelligence, amenity, and

kindness, contribute so much to the enjoyment of these assemblies.

Improvements in London.—No part of the metropolis has, within the last few years, made so striking an advance in improvement, as that district which occupies a large angle bounded by the Edgeware Road and the road to Bayswater, from the point at Hyde Park Corner. Much if not all of it belongs to the diocese of London; and the result must be a vast increase of revenue. This new city has sprung up since that of Belgrave Square and its vicinity was built, and for extent and more palatial residences (with the exception of the square), it seems at least to equal if not to excel that great western domain. Hyde Park Square and its adjacent crescents, &c., Hyde Park Gardens, and all around, are noble houses, some of much architectural beauty, and rich interior decoration. In like manner, during a recent walk, we were surprised to observe that a farther and very handsome extension of this plan had sprung up, in a spacious street of fine dwellings in the Palladian style, called Westbourne Terrace. It is broader than Portland Place, and runs in a line from Westbourne Street, Bayswater Road, up by the railway station, and, enjoying the breeze from "leafy Hampstead" blowing along its range, to where it opens upon the park. This we consider an airy and admirable situation, and like the rest of this neighbourhood, standing high and dry on a gravelly soil, the best of all for health. Who are capitalists and who architects of this evidently one great building undertaking, we do not know; the names of Mr. Kingdom and Mr. Nelson were mentioned to us; and we looked into several of the yet untenanted mansions, the chief apartments of which we found painted in tasteful fresco ornaments by M. Sang of Munich; the whole displaying a degree of enterprise and a respect for art which we are glad to observe spreading among the building "improvements of London."

ARTESIAN FOUNTAINS.

THE announcement of an intention to sink an Artesian well in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square has frightened many wise heads into the supposition that such an operation would dry up the neighbouring ordinary wells. This arises from the distinction between an ordinary well and an Artesian fountain (as it ought properly to be called) being apparently either unknown or not understood. Such fountains derive their name from having been first bored for in the province of Artois in France; and the conditions essential to constitute such a fountain are, that the waters shall be forced up to the surface by the pressure from beneath; which is not the case in ordinary wells, from which the waters are pumped up, or drawn up by buckets, &c.

Tertiary basins (geologically speaking), such as London and Paris are situated in, are considered the most favourable for piercing for Artesian fountains; and to reach such, it is not only necessary to go below the bed of water which supplies the ordinary wells, but also that, by means of a tube or other conveyance, the superficial beds of water should not mingle with those which are brought up from below to the surface. The means taken to effect this would require a lengthened description: the accidents to which even metal tubes are liable, from being subjected to the enormous pressure sometimes met with, were well illustrated in the case of the celebrated Artesian fountain of Paris. The principle upon which Artesian

fountains are pierced for is the stratified deposition of the beds and the alternation of permeable and impermeable strata in any given place. The ordinary wells of London are all derived from above the London clay; the alluvium covering the surface of which is full of water, from the impermeable nature of the sub-stratum of clay. The quantity of water is so great, that many large distilleries, sugar-houses, and some of the breweries, are supplied with this water. The water of the London clay itself is impure, and contains salts. Such are the saline springs of Bagnigge Wells, St. George's Fields, Kilburn, and it is believed of Epsom.

Whenever a well is sunk above the London clay, the immediate rise of the water has some effect in depressing for a time that of the neighbouring wells; but this is only temporary, for there is no pressure from below. These are not Artesian fountains. The latter fountains must be sought for (supposing, to avoid expense, that the uppermost beds were taken) in the alternating sands and clays of the plastic clay formation, or, to be more certain of a plentiful supply, in the chalk itself: in either they could have no possible effect whatsoever on any neighbouring wells.

An account is given in Conybeare and Phillips's *Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales* of a well sunk at Messrs. Liptrap and Smith's distillery, one mile east of London, in which the alluvium, London clay, and plastic clay were traversed, and 160 feet of the chalk; the land-springs supplying the London wells were met with at a depth of 29 feet; two beds of the London clay yielded water; a good spring was met with in the lower sandy beds of the plastic clay, and a spring was met with in the chalk at a depth of 123 feet (in the chalk). The lower beds of the chalk formation, and every fissure in them, are, with very few exceptions, completely filled with water.

As the chalk and plastic clay are in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square at a lower level than the higher districts which supply those formations with water, so not only may a powerful fountain be anticipated in such a quarter, but also a rise which will be especially well adapted for ornamental purposes, and that without having any connexion whatever with neighbouring wells.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A DAGUERRETYPE.

SUNBORN creation! breath of light, that with one flashing kiss
Imprinted on the mirror'd plate a face so dear as this!
Why dost thou shew her darkly pale—why thus in hueless gloom,
Livid as one whose step forlorn strays upward from the tomb?
Child of the Sun! thy golden sire hath shed no light on thee:
No glory of thy parentage to dazzle all who see:
Cold shadow-hung, he traced the brow and robb'd the eye of rays—
Limmer of Heaven! upon her face a changing brightness plays!
A winning smile is on her lips—a gleam upon her hair—
Why cloudy was the glance, O Sun, that fell in darkness there?
Not such she stood beneath thy gaze—false to itself thine art,
That drew the spectre of a form where soul can claim a part!
And yet, my Sister! sadly pale and death-like, *this* is all,
Except the image in my heart, that may thy face reveal:
This but remaineth unto me to bring back happy youth,
To soothe my aching tenderness with thy lost love and truth.

As sever'd fruit decayeth fast, so hearts asunder torn
Must lose the fragrant bloom that sweeten'd all their morn;
Thus sisters e'en, by oceans rent, can blend no more
In one,
Yet long keep up those memories, Pale Portrait of the Sun!
E. A. H. O.

MUSIC.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

MUSIC has become so general and interesting a subject in England that we are induced to commence a series of papers upon its leading aspects, both as regards performances and publications: it will be necessary, therefore, first to state to our readers the principal object we have in view; and in the present notice to explain the *plan, matter, and manner*, to which we purpose on all occasions strictly to adhere.

The *plan* laid down for our Contrapuntal and Musical Review is similar to other musical periodicals, viz. to review musical works—to notice musical entertainments—to insert musical advertisements of every description—and short letters from subscribers and correspondents, provided their names be attached to their communications, as all anonymous writing will be treated with perfect silence.

All letters, music for review, advertisements, &c., must be sent on or before Tuesdays to the *Literary Gazette Office*.

The *manner* in which we shall treat every subject will, at least, be free from the personalities which we regret to see pervade so much of the criticisms on the themes of harmony. Music is a science, and therefore reducible to strict analysis; and all that is required from the editors of musical periodicals is to shew to their readers that the laws of music sanction and regulate their opinions. Truth sweeps clean, whilst intemperate language is destructive to the upholding of any good. By supporting science we elevate its professors; but if science be neglected by them, its professors deserve little support.

We close the present announcement by observing, that it is our intention next week to explain at some length our motive for calling the new musical department of our *Gazette* "The Contrapuntal and Musical Review."

VARIETIES.

Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.—So soon after our hopes had been so highly excited, it is with infinite regret we find them doomed to greater darkness than ever. But our first fears are now but too strongly confirmed. Yesterday week accounts were received at the Foreign-office from St. Petersburg, stating that the Russian envoy at Teheran, in a despatch dated the 27th of December, had reported to his government that the information which he had indirectly obtained from the envoy of the Ameer of Bokhara, who had arrived in Teheran, had only too surely removed all uncertainty as to the tragical end of Captain Conolly and Lieut.-Colonel Stoddart; for he positively asserted that the first had been executed for having shewn on many occasions great partiality for the Khan of Kokan, at that time at war with Bokhara; and the second in consequence of the discovery of a secret correspondence which he kept up with his countrymen at Cabul, through the channel of Indian merchants established at Bokhara. The Russian envoy adds, that although the truth of these details can hardly be questioned, an envoy from the Shah of Persia, who is about to proceed to Bokhara on a special mission, will be expressly instructed

ed to collect on the spot the most precise information as to the details which accompanied the death of the two English officers. The Russian envoy further says, that the agent from Bokhara, whether from fear or from delicacy, had evaded Lieut.-Colonel Sheil's attempt to obtain information from him as to a catastrophe which must painfully shock the British representative.—*Times*.

The late Mr. Loudon.—On Saturday a meeting was held in the rooms of the Horticultural Society, in Regent Street, for the purpose of devising the most appropriate method of promoting the sale of the late Mr. Loudon's works for the benefit of his family. The chair was taken at 2 o'clock by Prof. Lindley, who dilated on the very great services that had been rendered to horticulture by the deceased—stating substantially the biography given in No. 1410 of the *Literary Gazette*, the list of his works, and the difficulties in which his family were left. In order to satisfy the claim remaining upon the "Arboretum Britannicum," and to secure an annuity for Mrs. Loudon and her daughter, it was sought to promote the sale of the works, the proceeds of which would be sufficient to accomplish the objects in view. It was also proposed to open a subscription-list, as many might be desirous of contributing who already possessed the works. Since the announcement of the meeting, his Royal Highness Prince Albert had become a purchaser, as had also the Duke of Devonshire, and several other noblemen and gentlemen. Several resolutions were put and carried, and a committee appointed to receive subscriptions.

King's College, London.—On Monday, the piece of plate from the professors, masters, lecturers, and other officers of the college, to their late principal, the Bishop of Lichfield, was presented by the new principal, Dr. Jelf, who addressed his predecessor in a very feeling manner—pointing out the deep respect for his talents and attainments, and the gratitude for his kindness and zeal, which had led to this testimony of affection and esteem. The Bishop acknowledged the gift with emotion. The memorial is a superb silver inkstand, on a pedestal inscribed with the motives for its presentation.

The Rev. Dr. Buckland, M.D. !—At the anniversary dinner of the Geological Society, Dr. Buckland formally announced, in a capital speech, that the University of Bonn, at the command of the King of Prussia, had conferred the degree of "Doctor of Medicine" on him. This, of course, caused great fun; and the following epigram was improvised on it:—

"The monarch of Prussia has lately, 'tis said,
Our Buckland a Doctor of Medicine made!
Why wonder! since all over Europe 'tis known,
No man has such knowledge of gravel and stone."

Medical Reform.—At another numerous meeting of medical gentlemen early in the week, Dr. Wilson in the chair, after much discussion, an address strongly condemnatory of the recent acts of the Royal College of Surgeons was agreed to, and is to be laid before an aggregate assembly of the profession in the course of next month. Coupling this proceeding with the complaint referred to against the management of St. Thomas's Hospital, in our notice to correspondents of the week before last, we cannot but feel some surprise at the exclusive system adopted by a number of medical men who have themselves attained official authority in various ways and places. Surely a liberal policy would be more becoming than clique-practices to the wrong of individuals of high talent and unimpeachable respectability. Mr. Wakley is likely to bring the matter before parliament.

Autograph MSS. of Dr. Dodd are, we hear, likely to be submitted to public sale, having been kept in a family to whom the unfortunate divine gave them. Among them are an inedited comedy, called *Sir Roger de Coverley*.

Chevalier Schomburgk.—The *Guiana Gazette* of the 9th of December, received by the last packet, contains a handsome and glowing eulogy on the Chev. Schomburgk (than whom a more zealous and indefatigable explorer of unknown regions never existed), from no less an authority than Baron Humboldt. It is contained in the Preface to Schomburgk's former *Travels* (1835-9), and besides the high and deserved compliment referred to, presents us with a good deal of interesting geographical information.

Miss A. B. Cockings.—In the obituary of the week we notice the death, on the 20th, of this generally known, aged, and respected house-keeper of the Society of Arts. She was 78 years old, and had been nearly 60 years in the service, during which period she had seen many memorable persons, and almost shared in many memorable transactions.

Mr. Theodor von Holst, the historical painter, several of whose works of very considerable merit have of late years been exhibited at the British Institution, and elsewhere, died on the 14th at his residence in Percy Street, at the early age of 33. Mr. Von Holst was married to a person whose form, we believe, was deemed a fine model for art.

One of the most eminent political writers of Switzerland, and the chief of the aristocratic party, M. Charles Schnell, committed suicide lately by drowning himself in the river Aar, near Langenthal.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The *Heimskringla*, or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, translated from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, with a Preliminary Dissertation, by S. Laing, 3 vols. 8vo, 36s.—Amy Herbert, by a Lady, edited by the Rev W. S. Wells, B.D., 2 vols. 8vo, 9s.—Hamel's French Grammar and Exercises, a new edit. in 1 vol., by N. Lambert, 12mo, 5s. 6d. bd.—Key to ditto, 12mo, 4s. bd.—The Meditations of Marcus A. Antoninus, with the Manual of Epictetus, and Summary of Christian Morality, by H. M'Cormac, M.D., 12mo, 2s. 6d.—O'Sullivan, the Bandit Chief: a Legend of Killarney, in Six Cantos, by Viscount Masserene and Ferrard, 8vo, 3s.—Key to the First Part of Moliere's Arithmetic, by Joseph Hall, 12mo, 3s. bd.—A System of Accounts for Savings-Banks, by J. Sturrock, Jun., 4to, 7s. 6d.—Practical Hints on New and Old Manures, by J. D. Humphreys, 12mo, 1s.—The Gleaner, by Mrs. C. J. Parkerson, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—The Chinese War: an Account of all the Operations of the British Forces, by Lieut. J. Ouchterlony, 8vo, 25s.—Honour of a Tale, 1 vol. post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The Psalter and Canticles in the Service of the Church of England, by J. Calvert, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—The New Chancery Practice, by H. Aylkourn, 12mo, 14s.—Confessions of a Whitefoot, edited by G. C. H., p. 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The White Mask, by Mrs. Thomson, 3 vols. post 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—The Man-at-Arms, by G. P. R. James, new edit., 1 vol. fep. 8vo, 6s.—Tales of the Early British Christians, by Anna M. Sargeant, 2s. 6d.—The Tell-Tale, and Girls in their Teens, 2s. 6d.—Vieilles All'Khazir, or the Massacre of Benares, fep. 8vo, 3s. 6d.—Spain under Charles the Second, by Lord Mahon, 2d edit. post 8vo, 6s. 6d.—Sacred Biography, &c., by the Rev. J. Smith, 12mo, 5s.—Infant Salvation, by D. Russell, D.D., 3d edit. 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week, edited by R. P. Ward, 3 vols. post 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—The Fortunes of Falconers, by Mrs. Gordon, 3 vols. post 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—Blanche Cressingham, by M. E., 3 vols. post 8vo, 24s.—The Child's Book of Homilies, by a Member of the Church of England, 12mo, 2s.—The Danube, illustrated from Drawings by W. H. Bartlett, 4to, 21. 2s.—Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ, by J. Gregory, translated from the Latin, new edit. 12mo, 6s.—Introductory Book of the Sciences, by J. Nicol, 12mo, 1s. 6d.—Smeaton and Lighthouses, 12mo, 2s.—Linnaeus and Jusseu, 12mo, 2s.—The Useful Arts employed in the Production of Clothing, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—History of Reynard the Fox, 12mo, 2s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1844.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 8	From 31 to 41	29.10 to 29.12
Friday . . . 9	" 29 to 40	" 28.99 to 28.99
Saturday . . . 10	" 32 to 36	" 29.16 to 29.41
Sunday . . . 11	" 30 to 35	" 29.45 to 29.60
Monday . . . 12	" 36 to 28	" 28.65 to 29.69
Tuesday . . . 13	" 21 to 31	" 29.74 to 29.76
Wednesday . . . 14	" 24 to 39	" 29.76 to 29.69

Wind on the 8th and 9th, S.W.; 10th, N.W.; 11th, N.; 12th, N., N. by W., and N.; 13th, N.; 14th, —. The 8th, generally clear, rain from 4 till 9½, morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy, with rain; 10th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear, evening generally overcast; 11th, morning clear, afternoon snowing, evening generally cloudy; 12th, morning cloudy, afternoon clear, evening cloudy; 13th, morning hazy, clear till the evening, when it became foggy. Rain fallen, .35 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1844.	h. m. s.	1844.	h. m. s.
Feb. 24 . . . 12 13 35.4		Feb. 28 . . . 12 12 55.6	
25 . . . 13 26.4		29 . . . 12 44.2	
26 . . . 13 16.7		Mar. 1 . . . 12 32.3	
27 . . . 13 6.4			

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry, in spite of many appeals, to receive papers of interest and correspondence too late to be of use at the time, and often lost from missing the fitting season.

H. G. will be considered; but we fear it is too long. The Penzance communication will be attended to. ERRATUM.—In notice of the Italian Opera, for *Fa-rante read Favanti*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To those of Literary pursuits, and others, the future provision for whose families depends on the economy and best use to which a life income can be applied, the plans of this office are particularly recommended, as calculated to insure all that could be desired in the investment of an annual sum of money.

NATIONAL FUND LIFE ASSURANCE,

25 Cornhill, London.

Capital, 500,000.—Empowered by Act of Parliament.

The many novel and varied advantages bestowed by this institution, both in its Life Assurance and Deferred Annuity departments, particularly the power to borrow two-thirds of premiums without expense or delay, the great reduction of rates on short policies, the option of selecting benefits and converting policies as best to suit the interest or necessity of the policy-holder during life, as well as to afford the full benefit to his family at death, and annual division of profits, have already been so well appreciated by the public, that the society's great success and growing prosperity enabled the Directors, at their general meeting in May last, to add to each policy on the profit scale a bonus averaging 55 per cent on the amount already invested; and this bonus, according to an equitable scale, may either be paid in cash, or applied in reduction of future premiums.

EXAMPLES.

Entry.	Policy No.	Age	Sum.	Annual Premium.	Bonus added.	Cash Bonus.	Prem. reduced.
			£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1837	114	59	1,000	57 9 4	132 14 6	38 19 9	8 19 4
1838	111	66	3,000	175 15 0	296 9 7	123 0 6	16 9 7

Another bonus will be declared in the present year.

DEFERRED ANNUITIES.

The best and most varied provision for after-life hitherto offered. Every 2l. 12s. per annum paid from the age of 20, will, at 65, give the policy-holder the choice of an annuity of 47l. 16s. 6d., or 540s. 11s. cash, or policy at death of 466l. Similar advantages, at 50, 55, and 60, through an increased annual payment—two-thirds payments met at any time, and two-thirds returned to representatives in case of premature death.

F. FERGUSON CAMROUX, Secretary.

R. HENDRIE,

Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 Tichborne Street, London.

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labelled with Perkins's steel plate of Windsor Castle. A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

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